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THE BUTTERFLY AND THE CHILD.

I PASSED and saw in a sunlit room
A butterfly flutter its golden plume,
While a baby vainly strove to clasp
Its silken wings in its tiny grasp.

I passed again, and the sunlit room
Was shrouded in darkness, and saddened in
gloom,
And the voice of the baby was silent and
hushed,
And beside him the wings of the butterfly
crushed;

For cold and still on the snowy bed,
Like a snow-drop, pale, lay the baby dead;
And the tangled maze of his sunny hair
Seemed bright with the light that the angels
wear.

Once more I passed, and methought on high
A song broke forth from the distant sky,
And I felt as the cadence swept along
'T was the silver sound of that baby's song —

"Ever my father's face I see,
Ever, forever, it smiles on me,
And never again shall my voice be hushed
Or the prize I am grasping be withered and
crushed."

THE NETHERLAND MARTYRS, 1535.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

I.

AMID the flames their souls were full of cheer,
And facing the dark mystery of death,
Unflinchingly they clung unto their faith,
No whit relenting at the beck of fear.

And while the crowd stood round to mock and
jeer,
These martyrs blessed them with their dying
breath,
Remembering what the Holy Scripture saith,
For they were loving men although austere.

They died — unhonored for their constancy.
Brave men were they; yet no one mourned or
wept.

They suffered for the sake of liberty;
And in their death, their deathless fame is kept.
But had they lived, their story would have slept
Uncared for in the tomb of history.

II.

The faith they held was bigoted and blind.
The God they worshipped was a cruel God.
A rugged and a weary path they trod;
And life seemed unto them well nigh unkind.

So when the summons came to leave behind
Life's bitterness, they bowed beneath the rod,
And gladly laid aside the heavy load —
A martyr's never-fading crown to find.

Their names are lost to us, but their example
Flames like a beacon through the mist of ages,
And bids us bravely stand when men would
trample

Upon our faith, and overthrow our altars;
When fiery persecution round us rages,
And when our courage under trial falters.

Transcript.

ELODIA.

O Sudden heaven! superb surprise!
O day to dream again!
O Spanish eyebrows, Spanish eyes,
Voice and allures of Spain!

No answering glance her glances seek,
Her smile no suitor knows;
That lucid pallor of her cheek
Is lovelier than the rose; —

But when she wakens, when she stirs,
And life and love begin,
How blaze those amorous eyes of hers,
And what a god within!

I saw her heart's arising strife,
Half eager, half afraid;
I paused; I would not wake to life
The tinted marble maid.

But starlike through my dreams shall go,
Pale, with a fiery train,
The Spanish glory, Spanish glow,
The passion which is Spain.

Macmillan's Magazine.

EVENING LONGINGS.

BY BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON.

I.

THE Princess sat high in her maiden-bower,
And the boy blew his horn below by the
tower: —

"Be silent, thou boy, why blowest thou so?
Thou hinderest my thoughts that afar would go
With the setting sun."

II.

The Princess sat high in her maiden-bower,
And the boy no longer blew by the tower: —
"Why art thou so silent? Again thou must
blow:

Thou helpest my thoughts that afar would go
With the setting sun."

III.

The Princess sat high in her maiden-bower,
And the boy blew again below by the tower;
And then she wept in the eventide:
"What do I then want, my God!" she sighed:
Then the sun went down.

Saint Pauls.

From The Quarterly Review.
VOLTAIRE.*

SINCE the character and career of Voltaire were last reviewed in our pages (on occasion of the appearance of the late Lord Brougham's "Lives of Men of Letters"), much has been added, in the shape of circumstantial and accurate detail, to the knowledge of that strange subject previously accessible to general readers.

M. Gustave Desnoiresterres' five volumes, the last of which brings Voltaire to the end of his personal *démêlés* with "thrones and dominations," and to the beginning of the period facetiously distinguished as that of his Ferney Patriarchate, are distinguished in a remarkable degree by minute research and exact citation of every accessible document that can throw fresh light on his subject. They are not less distinguished by the skillful *mise en scène* of the motley Voltairian drama, which kept Europe amused or scandalized during its whole performance, and in which the author successively brings on the stage the minor actors in due relation and subordination to the chief performer. The recently published Voltaire-readings to the Princess Louis of Hesse and a select circle of hearers, by Dr. David Friedrich Strauss (the general tone of which provokes little recollection of the graver and more questionable antecedents of the veteran controversialist), condense so much of the results of M. Desnoiresterres' previous labours as could be brought within one small volume; and supply, in addition, a complete and entertaining narrative of the twenty years of

Voltaire's Ferney Patriarchate, and a critique of his philosophical and theological writings, which appears to us itself open to criticism. M. Athanase Coquerel *fiis*, who has figured lately as M. Guizot's "Liberal" antagonist in the debates of the Synod of the French Reformed Church, contributes very usefully, in his volume on "Jean Calas et sa Famille," to the authentic illustration of the most creditable and not least characteristic episode of Voltaire's later life—his persevering and successful efforts for the reversal of an atrocious sentence, and the rescue from ruin of the innocent family of an equally innocent and legally murdered parent. And, finally, Mr. Morley brings up the rear of recent Voltaire-literature. His Apology for Voltaire exhibits the character, if it exaggerates the enduring effects, of his irregular onslaughts on the creed of Christendom.

Biographers have differed as to both the place and the precise time of Voltaire's birth, and he himself has assigned different dates to it at different periods. As if the spirit of scepticism had been destined to beset his life from the beginning, the first exercise of it has been made at the expense of his baptismal register, which bears date 22nd November, 1694, and certifies his birth as having taken place on the day previous. M. Desnoiresterres' researches have fixed his birthplace at Paris about the date given by the register; and there is no reason whatever for crediting by preference any of the various fancy dates scattered about in his correspondence. The older he made himself, the less, he imagined, would the authorities dare to persecute him. "Don't say, I beg of you," he writes to D'Argental, in January, 1777 (the year before his death), "that I am only eighty-two: it is a cruel calumny. Even were it true, *according to a cursed baptismal register*, that I was born in November, 1694, it must still be granted me that I am in my eighty-third year."

François Marie Arouet (we shall see in the sequel how he came to assume the name of Voltaire) was almost condemned to death in the hour of birth, and, it is

* 1. *Voltaire et la Société au XVIII^{me} Siècle*. Par Gustave Desnoiresterres. Vol. I. *La Jeunesse de Voltaire*. Vol. II. *Voltaire à Cirey*. Vol. III. *Voltaire à la Cour*. Vol. IV. *Voltaire et Frédéric*. Vol. V. *Voltaire aux Délices*. Paris, 1871-3.

2. *Voltaire*. Sechs Vorträge von David Friedrich Strauss. Leipzig, 1870.

3. *Voltaire in Frankfurt am Main*, 1753. Denkwürdigkeiten von K. A. Varnhagen von Ense. Achter Band. Leipzig, 1859.

4. *Jean Calas et sa Famille. Etude historique d'après les Documents originaux, suivie de Pièces justificatives et des Lettres de la Sœur A.-J. Fraisse de la Visitation*. Par Athanase Coquerel *fiis*. Seconde Edition, refaite sur de nouveaux documents. Paris, 1869.

5. *Voltaire*. By John Morley. London, 1872.

said, was *ondoyé* (the term employed for informal sprinkling with water at home), lest there might be no time for the ecclesiastical rite. He was all his life, or always said he was, on the point of dying, and was resolved, all the while, to live as long as he could — and longer.

Voltaire owed much that afterwards peculiarly distinguished him to his Jesuit college-training, notwithstanding the ridicule which he afterwards threw upon it in his "Dialogue entre un Conseiller et un ex-Jésuite." The rhetorical and poetical exercises through which he was put by the good Père Porée, not only in Latin, but in French also, and the dramatic performances, which made a conspicuous figure in all the Jesuit establishments, supplied the first aliment to his genius for poetry and the drama, to which he owed so much of his contemporary celebrity throughout his career.

As Voltaire's father was a highly respectable notary, entrenched in his *morale bourgeoise*, though of eminent and extensive aristocratic business connections, it seems singular that he should have selected for friend of the family, and godfather of the infant François Marie, a certain Abbé de Châteauneuf, whose clerical reputation chiefly lay in the line of gallantry, and whose idea of carrying out the spiritual relation between himself and his god-child was first decisively illustrated by introducing young Arouet to the old Aspasia of French hetairism, Ninon de l'Enclos, who was then turned eighty. The lively lad found favour in the eyes of the lively old lady, who left him 2000 francs in her will to buy books with. Godfather Châteauneuf introduced his youthful charge into worse company than old Ninon's, exceedingly good company indeed in the sense of the day. While yet a pupil of the Jesuit college, he was taken into the so-called *Société du Temple*, where, during the last dreary years of hypocritical devotion of the Grand Monarque's reign, princes and dukes solaced themselves with gallant and poetical abbés for their compelled gravity at court by the most unrestrained derision of religion and morality altogether.

"The little Society of the Temple," says M. Desnoiresterres, "presided over by the Abbé de Chaulieu, though chiefly composed of old men, was none the more chaste, sober, or orthodox on that account." To these voluptuaries the nearness of the tomb seemed only an additional reason for making haste to enjoy their last days of grace. It was the philosophy of Tom Moore's Regent in the "Twopenny Post Bag:"

Brisk let us revel, while revel we may,
For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away;
And then people get fat,
And infirm, and all that,
And a wig, I confess it, so clumsily sits,
That it frightens the little Loves out of their wits.

Vincennes and the Bastille had for a while avenged the sinking monarchy of the bacchanalian outrages of the princes, aged abbés, and adolescent acolytes of the Temple. But the death of Louis XIV. instantly freed from exile or du-rance vile the Chevalier (Grand Prieur) de Vendôme, and the Abbé Servien, the two most audacious of that audacious brotherhood. Vendôme was sincerely and profoundly respected for his vigour in vice by the new Regent. "I have seen him," said Saint-Simon, who knew him well, "in perpetual admiration of the Grand Prior, who for forty years had every night gone to bed drunk, always publicly kept mistresses, and never ran dry of sallies of impiety and irreligion." Amongst these *débauchés à outrance*, says M. Desnoiresterres, "of whom Chaulieu was the patriarch, the prejudice of age no more existed than any other. Greybeards retained all the gaiety and vigour of adolescence; the lapse of years was ignored altogether; they glided by like river-water, leaving no trace behind. If they developed *embonpoint*, that only increased the resemblance to Anacreon and Silenus, the saints held most in honour of the Bacchic Olympus." Their ranks indeed were ever and anon thinned by death. Godfather Châteauneuf was carried off amongst others. But new guests instantly filled the place of the old; and the religion, or rather philos-

ophy, of the place proscribed superfluous mourning for the departed.

Arouet the elder, says his son, gave him up for lost, because he kept good company and made verses. A set of men who became the *roués* of the Regency would scarcely be considered good company by a sober man of business, with whom decorum was part of stock in trade. Old Arouet had two sons; and seems to have had little pleasure in either. He was himself a Jansenist, but in moderation. His elder son, Armand, became a gloomy fanatic, and participated with the party in the Church to which he belonged in all the enthusiastic extravagances, which culminated in the miracles of muscular tension exhibited at the tomb of the Abbé Paris. These apparently preternatural feats, which have found mesmeric parallels in our days, caused the cloisters of St. Médard, the theatre of their performance, to be closed by royal ordinance — a police measure which provoked the well-known couplet placarded on the walls of the cemetery: —

*De par le Roi — défense à Dieu
De faire miracle en ce lieu.*

Old Arouet used to say he had *two fools* for sons — one in prose, one in verse. But he made a mistake as to the capacity of the younger for carrying on the paternal craft of money-making. The time which he was compelled to spend in law studies, and at the desk of a *procureur*, was by no means lost to his future fortunes, whether in the pursuit of fame or wealth. During that hated apprenticeship he doubtless caught up some knowledge of law and business, which stood him in good stead in after years. In his autobiographical "*Mémoires pour servir à la vie de M. de Voltaire*," he expressed himself as follows, with perfect frankness, as to his art of getting on in the world, for which he had been shrewd enough to see from the first that literature, in that age and country, offered but poor prospects.

I have been asked by the exercise of what art I have contrived to amass means to live

like a *fermier-général*. I may as well explain this, that my example may serve others.

In France one must either be *arvil* or *hammer*. I was born *arvil*. A small patrimony becomes every day smaller, since everything in the long-run rises in price, and Government is ever and anon tampering with the funds and the currency. One must keep an eye open to all the operations made in finance by a ministry always needy and always tottering. There is always sure to be one or other of these out of which an individual may make his profit without being beholden for it to any one; and nothing is so sweet as to owe one's fortune solely to oneself. The first step costs some trouble, the rest is easy. One must practise economy in youth, and then one is surprised in old age to find what an amount one has by degrees accumulated. That is the time of life when fortune becomes most necessary, and that is the time at which I now find myself in enjoyment of it. After having lived with kings, I live *chez moi* like a king, notwithstanding immense losses.

It is a notable instance of Voltaire's good understanding (and good advice) in financial matters, that even in his "hot youth," and with all the acquisitive ardour which accompanied him from youth to age, he never was the dupe, as half the nation was, to Law's paper system, and of the Mississippi scheme. We find him writing, in 1719, to a young friend, Genonville: —

It is time, my dear friend, to take refuge in the country, when Plutus is turning all heads in the town. Have you really run all mad in Paris? I hear no talk but of millions. *Has half the nation found the philosopher's stone in the paper-mills?* Is Law a god, a rogue, or a quack, who poisons himself with the drugs he administers to all the world? It is a chaos I cannot fathom, and about which I imagine you understand no more than I do. For my part, I abandon myself to no chimeras but those of poetry.

On the suppression of Law's notes, Voltaire remarked, "*Paper is being reduced to its intrinsic value.*" It was the succinct funeral sermon of the system.

There was little in Voltaire's early *coups d'essai*, whether in life or literature (except levity), to indicate the predestined Prophet of the French. He did not enter in earnest (as much in earnest as was in his nature) on that prophetic function till

after his Hegira — his three years' exile from France and residence in England — the England of Locke, Newton, and Bolingbroke, three not precisely homogeneous objects of his after-adoration. Love-making and verse-making, loose company and large expense, were the sources of his first scrapes in life. The course of his true loves never did run smooth, nor could, in the channels he dug for them. His watchful parent took umbrage at his late hours and lavish spendings, and, to get him out of Paris, made interest with the Marquis de Châteauneuf, surviving brother of his godfather Abbé, to take him in his suite as page to the Hague, where the marquis was French Ambassador.

From the Hague, however, young Arouet was speedily sent back to Paris, on the representations made to his patron ambassador by another watchful parent — a certain Madame Dunoyer, a Protestant refugee, of literary and other notoriety, whose younger daughter and Voltaire fell violently in love with each other. They concocted plans between them for invoking the aid of the French ecclesiastical authorities to rescue the daughter from her heretical mother in Holland, and restore her to her father in France, a good Catholic, if otherwise rather good-for-nothing, as he seems to have been. This orthodox project naturally never got any further than the first conception: the lady missed the beatitudes of Voltairian Catholicism, but retained Voltaire's friendship, which he proved in later years.

In poetry as in love, Voltaire's first essays assumed a colour of orthodoxy. He competed for the prize offered for an ode on Louis XIV.'s restoration of the choir of Notre-Dame, in fulfilment of a pious vow of his father. The ode was unsuccessful, and the author was fain to confess that sacred subjects were not his forte. *En revanche*, the satirical pieces, rightly or wrongly imputed to him under the Regency, had the success of lodging him in the Bastille, where he spent some eleven months in a detention which had not much of penal in its character. Some time after his liberation he happened to meet at the table of M. Le Blanc, Minister of War, a certain Captain Beauregard, a government spy, to whom he imputed his late imprisonment. "I knew well," young Arouet exclaimed with natural warmth, and with the indiscretion equally natural to him, "that spies were employed, but not that they were paid by invitations

to Ministers' tables." The spy revenged himself in the dastardly manner which, as we shall presently see, some of his betters were not ashamed of imitating. He laid wait for Voltaire by night, at the bridge of Sèvres, cudgelled him soundly, and even left a mark on his face. Voltaire got a warrant from the Mayor of Sèvres for the arrest of Beauregard, but the latter in the meantime had joined his regiment. The aggrieved party thereupon had recourse to criminal proceedings, with the fiery persistency with which he always pursued the grievances, whether of himself or others. All the satisfaction he got, the year after, was the placing of Beauregard under arrest for a time.

A quarrel more conspicuous, in proportion to the rank of the aggressor, was that which was picked, a year or two later, with the young poet, who had, in the mean time, assumed the name of Voltaire,* by the Chevalier de Rohan-Chabot, scion of a noble stock, and Field-Marshal to boot, albeit he never had seen a battlefield. This high-born and high-ranked gentleman met Voltaire one evening at the opera, and, offended apparently at something said, or not said, by the latter, accosted him scornfully, "M. de Voltaire — M. Arouet — or how do you call yourself?" Voltaire made a quiet answer, and the matter passed off for the moment. A night or two after, they met again at the theatre, in the presence of the actress Lecouvreur; and Rohan, to show his spirit perhaps before the latter, repeated his impertinent question of the former evening. This time Voltaire's spirit was also up, and he replied, "It was true, indeed, he did not drag after him the appendage of a great ancestral name, but he knew how to do honour to the name he did bear." The Chevalier raised his stick; Voltaire laid his hand on his sword; mademoiselle fainted; and so ended the second act of this absurd drama. The third opened with what we can only call a rascally ambushade. Voltaire was dining, as he often did, at the

* The young Arouet was said to have derived his new surname from a small estate he was supposed to have inherited from his mother, only no one has ever been able to discover where that estate was situated. A more probable suggestion is, that his new name may have been formed from an anagram of the letters which composed his old one — *Arouet l. j.* (*le jeune*) — the *n* being converted into *v*, and the *j* into *t*. In like manner, an old college-tutor of his, Père Thoulé, transformed himself, by a similar anagrammatic process, into the Abbé Olivet — omitting only the unnecessary *A* from his original name. This method of reforming a plebeian name into one more distinguished-looking seems not to have been uncommon in those times.

Duke de Sully's. A servant whispered him that some one was waiting to speak to him at the house door. He found there a hackney coach, with two men, who requested him to get on the step, and then laid hold of his clothes, and belaboured him with sticks over the shoulders, while the Chevalier de Rohan, from another carriage, encouraged "his workmen" to their work, but enjoined them not to hit their victim on the head. The beaten man ran back into the house, and called on the Duke de Sully to go with him to a commissaire, and have a *procès-verbal* made of the outrage. The Duke refused, and in so refusing, as Dr. Strauss rightly observes, showed as inadequate a sense of his own honour as of that of his guest, since the former was not less outraged by this cowardly *guet-à-pens* than the latter. But the Rohans were a noble family, of powerful and extended connections, and the poet was only a bourgeois by birth, after all. The Prince de Conti, though he had written romantic verses on Voltaire's first tragedy, lately performed, remarked that the cudgelling bestowed on him had been wrongly given but rightly received. The Bishop of Blois said, "It would be a bad look-out if poets had no shoulders." Condorcet, in his "Life of Voltaire," contents himself with the dry remark, "The Duke de Sully deigned to manifest no resentment—persuaded, doubtless, that the descendants of the Francs retain the right of life and death over those of the Gauls."

Voltaire set strenuously to work to take fencing lessons. The Rohan family were uneasy—the police on the *qui vive*. It was thought best that a poet who would not take a beating kindly, should reoccupy his old apartments in the Bastille. Here, as before, he was treated with all indulgences imaginable, dined at the Governor's table, and received visits *ad libitum* from the court and city. There was no desire to keep him in the Bastille, nor, indeed, in the country. Voltaire offered to take a run across the Channel, and the offer was gladly accepted. From the land of *lettres de cachet* and arbitrary arrests he longed to fly to the land of law and liberty. So the order was issued, on the 2nd of May, 1726, for his liberation. But the authorities, inspired by the Rohans, would have the assurance that he should really leave France. Accordingly, his gaoler bore him company to the port of embarkation, Calais. Such was Voltaire's Hegira, which became the turning-point of his

whole after-action on his age. The princes and prelates who drove him forth, or let him go, foresaw not the remoter consequences. His leaving France was their work; the mind he brought back was indirectly their work also. Voltaire afterwards took vengeance poetically, if not heroically, on the pride and pusillanimity of his noble friend Sully, by striking the character of his great ancestor out of the "Henriade," in the first draught of which poem the austere figure of Rosny was presented in contrast with the heroic type of the Béarnais. In the poem as published, he substituted for Rosny (Sully) the lesser personage of Duplessis-Mornai.

Dr. Strauss observes that what first made a man of Voltaire was his three years' residence in England. In the next breath he adds, that all through his life he never quite matured to manhood. "Even in old age he surprises us not only by outbursts of passion, but by fantastic escapades which we should scarcely excuse in youth. Seriousness of mood, calmness or dignity of demeanour, remained ever strange to him." Condorcet, in his "Vie de Voltaire," observes:—

The happy qualities of Voltaire were often obscured and distorted by a natural mobility, which was aggravated by the habit of writing tragedies. He passed in a moment from anger to sympathetic emotion; from indignation to pleasantry. His passions, naturally violent, sometimes transported him too far; and his excessive mobility deprived him of the advantages ordinarily attached to passionate tempers—firmness in conduct—courage which no terrors can withhold from action, and which no dangers, anticipated beforehand, can shake by their actual presence. Voltaire has often been seen to expose himself rashly to the storm—seldom to meet it with fortitude. These alternations of audacity and weakness have often afflicted his friends, and prepared unworthy triumphs for his envenomed enemies.

Soon after his return to France, Voltaire prepared for publication his "Letters on England," the substance of which has been since reprinted in his works, principally in his "Dictionnaire Philosophique," under other titles. His object was, to make his countrymen better acquainted with the philosophy, literature, sects and politics of England. His thoughts on these subjects had been partly thrown upon paper during his stay in this country; and after his return he had endeavoured to adapt them to the meridian of France, by circumspect softenings of expression on many points on which,

in England, plain speaking would have been permitted. He felt his way with Cardinal Fleury, who had lately become Prime Minister, by reading him some carefully pruned passages of his Letters about the English Quakers, much, it is said, to the amusement of his aged Eminence. But when the book appeared in print, the authorities took up arms against it, the copies were seized by the Government, and the publisher thrown into the Bastille, as the author would have been also, if he had not had timely warning from his friend D'Argental, and taken refuge in Lorraine, and afterwards on the Rhine, while his book was torn to pieces and burned in Paris by the public executioner, as offensive to religion, good morals, and respect for authority.

There was certainly no contesting the last count of this indictment. In these *Lettres anglaises* not an authority in France escaped some note of disrespect. "The English nation," says Voltaire, "is the only one which has succeeded in restricting the power of kings by resisting it." Take that, royalty by right divine! In another place he says, "You don't hear in England of *haute, moyenne et basse justice*, nor of the right of hunting over the lands of a citizen who has not the liberty of firing a gun in his own fields." Take that, privileged *petite et grande noblesse*! Elsewhere—"That indefinite being, who is neither ecclesiastic nor secular, in a word the *Abbé*, is a species unknown in England. Anglican ecclesiastics are all decorous, and almost all pedants. When they are told that, in France, young men, known only by their talents for debauchery, and elevated to prelatic rank by female intrigue, pursue their amours publicly, give or accept exquisite and late suppers nightly, and then betake themselves to imploring enlightenment from the Holy Spirit, and boldly call themselves successors of the Apostles, they thank God they are Protestants. But of course they are vile heretics all the same—*à brûler à tous les diables*, as Master Francis Rabelais says, and therefore I give myself no concern with their affairs."

Voltaire's scientific imports from England were scarcely less obnoxious. To seek to substitute Newton's newly discovered law of attraction for the *Vortices* of Descartes was at that time an outrage for police-repression, and to venture to recommend inoculation for the small-pox was at once to fly in the face of the Faculty and the Sorbonne. In these unlucky

Lettres anglaises, in short, there was, something to offend everyone; and Voltaire had apparently good reason to apprehend treatment of unusual rigour, if he had obeyed the summons to give himself up into custody, as he took good care not to do. "I have a mortal aversion to prison," he wrote to D'Argental. "I am ill; a confined air would have killed me, and I should probably have been thrust into a dungeon."

The strange story of Voltaire's fifteen or sixteen years' *liaison* with the Marquise Du Châtelet—the "divine Emilie"—need not be told again.* It was an union of Poetry and Science, however illicit, singularly constant for that age. The lady's studies and talents lay in the direction of mathematics and physics, on which she published several works. She had begun a translation of Virgil in her youth, and read Tasso and Milton in the originals. She had musical and mimical talents to boot, but sometimes excited Voltaire's impatience by showing more interest in a discovery of Newton than in a verse of Virgil—or Voltaire. With all this, she by no means played the learned lady in the great world, but followed all the courtly and fashionable frivolities of that day with not less ardour than her scientific studies in the country. Voltaire gave her the title of *Venus-Newton*.

Voltaire had flattered himself, in prose and verse, for awhile into favour with Pompadour, though Louis XV. persistently turned the cold shoulder on the courtier-philosopher. Voltairian philosophy and ethics, however, exactly suited the polite circles of the eighteenth century in France. His writings showed a sharp and clear sense on all subjects which lay not too deep for his ken or theirs, and an accommodating morality worthy of a pupil in the schools of the Jesuits, summarized in the closing line of his "Gertrude"—"*Il n'est jamais de mal en bonne compagnie*." The semi-persecution he was always dodging, and seldom suffering, only served to attract attention and to add piquancy to his Protean forms of attack on whatever was orthodox, venerable, or established, and served also to absolve from serious responsibility his bush-warfare (often under false names) with "*les grands anthropokaïes*," and "*les petits anthropokaïes*," who had ceased to burn, and could only tease their assailants—an art in which they met their match in Voltaire.

* See "Quarterly Review," vol. lxxvi. p. 74.

At the same time he was intimate with many of the higher clergy, and coaxed Pope Benedict XIV. to endorse his orthodox testimonials of fitness to fill a chair among the sacrosanct "Forty" in the Academy. He represented an age in which Life had ceased to be regarded in any of its serious aspects by those classes who figured in its front ranks, engrossed its privileges, and discharged none of its duties. Voltaire's moral doctrines did not fall lower than the average practice of his age: posterity's quarrel with him is that they did not rise higher:—

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

In Voltaire's eyes man was a very poor thing, and that he should seek to erect himself above himself was, with him, sheer tartuffianism or charlatanism. *There* was the vice of his system, if system he could be said to have had. In his scheme of life no presentiment ever showed itself of our "pleasant vices" making themselves "whips to scourge us." The whimsical soliloquy, from his own pen, of a man falling swiftly and softly from the top of a steeple, might typify the whole period of Voltairian ascendancy in the eighteenth century—" *Bon, pourvu que cela dure.*" But *cela ne pouvait durer*. In the last quarter of that century came the eclipse, at least partial, of Voltaire by Rousseau, of aristocratic iconoclastic pastime by democratic iconoclastic passion. After the apologist of all the levities of his age, their Avenger appeared, and farce closed in tragedy.

The peculiarity of Voltaire's position towards powers and dignities, all through his life, was that, while he was persecuted by authority, he was petted by high society lay and clerical; his genius and writings were always in fashion, though always contraband. His precociously cultivated social tact and talents had much to do with securing for him this privileged personal position. "Voltaire was too vain himself," says M. Desnoiresterres, "not to have great consideration for the vanity of others, and he had too much tact not to discern what might wound it, however imperceptibly." Accordingly his only personal enemies were amongst second-rate men of letters, to whom his superiority was, of course, odious. The high *noblesse*, many eminent persons among the dignified clergy, and his leading literary and philosophic compeers were his constant allies.

With one exception—Rousseau. That

exception may be considered as having been mainly owing to the radical opposition in the genius and temper of the two men. It is to be noted that in all his many quarrels with authors, Voltaire was rarely, if ever, the first aggressor. Once offended, his wrath was unmeasured, his vengeance always unscrupulous, and, too often, implacable. There was no imputation, however infamous, or however monstrous, that this great exemplar of the *genus irritabile* ever hesitated to fling at the head of any critic of his whom he considered formidable, and whose reputation was not altogether above aspersion. All the atrocities ever put on record in the annals of crime, or in the tomes of casuistry printed for the practitioners of the Romish confessional, were not too many to ascribe to those guilty of the one unpardonable crime—that of having found fault with anything whatever produced by Voltaire. Models of sarcasm, which he closely imitated, were furnished by our English satirists, such as Pope's "Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis" and Swift's "Account of the Death of Mr. Partridge, the Almanack-maker." The Abbé Desfontainés, the Marquis Lefranc de Pompignan, and Maitre Aliboron? Freron suffered, as it were, at second hand from the light artillery which had first been brought against Grub Street, and the sorry heroes of the "Dunciad." When Voltaire's vigour beyond the law was challenged, in sending Freron to the galleys by a stroke of the pen, he treated with all Swift's cynical indifference the question whether Freron had ever been really sent, or whether he was not merely predestined to be sent there some day or other. Slightly inconsistent with the unbounded licence which Voltaire allowed his pen against all assailants, was the habit he had of employing his influence with his friends in the Government for the arrest of the persons, or the suppression of the journals, of his foes in the press. The first offence, however, comparatively rarely came from his side. He had too much of poetical power and fancy, and was besides far too much a man of the world, to need, or to be in any degree disposed for, personal controversy merely as a source of supply of piquant subjects for writing. On the other hand, Rousseau's *nature de polémiste*, as M. Desnoiresterres terms it, continually prompted him to find or make antagonists, against whom to air his paradoxes. Rousseau's genius was declamatory and controversial.

Voltaire never declaimed, and never answered declamation, unless indirectly, in the shape of satire in prose or verse. His reply to Rousseau's rebuke for his pessimist poem on the earthquake of Lisbon was the publication of "Candide, ou l'Optimisme;" and Rousseau's revenge was, to say slightly that he had not read it. It was a fight of hawk and fish in different elements. "Rousseau," says M. Desnoiresterres, "was a polemist, for whose extraordinary talent of impassioned rhetoric combat might almost be said to be a condition of existence. Voltaire, on the other hand, could not descend into the controversial arena without interrupting his daily habits of composition, correspondence, and country amusements." To have a quarrel with him, Rousseau was accordingly compelled to pick one. But as it was not till the period of the second exile of his redoubtable rival, and his choice of a residence or residences in Switzerland, or on the Swiss frontier, that Rousseau opened his war of the pen with Voltaire—at first with caution and courtesy,—we shall defer our notice of the first cause, or pretext, of hostilities till we arrive at that period.

It may seem inconsistent with the exquisite social tact of Voltaire, that he was always getting into scrapes which seemed ascribable to sheer want of tact—of knowledge of the nature of men and things; and may be said to have lived in an element of hot water of his own boiling. "*Il y a des gens*," wrote his friend the President Henault to Madame du Deffand in 1742, "*que les aventures vont chercher, et qui rencontreraient des hasards à la Trappe*." The contradiction may be solved by that insatiable and irrepressible activity which was the leading trait of his character, and which the *vis inertiae* of Louis XV.'s administrations, beginning with Fleury, constantly and vexatiously impeded in every field of its attempted exercise. Voltaire's impatience of these impediments was intensified tenfold by his three years' enjoyment of an opposite régime in England, and never did absolute monarchy make a greater mistake than when it sent such a spirit to such a school. Inaction was impossible to him; he must be bestirring himself in something, for or against somebody, every hour of his life. Conceive such a spirit struggling under such a system as was personified in Fleury, whose whole wisdom might be summed up in the maxim *quieta non movere*, and

whose prime precept, like that of Talleyrand to his subordinates, would be "*Sur-tout, point de zèle*." It is "as good as a play" to read the correspondence between Voltaire and Fleury—the former pushing eagerly for diplomatic employment in secret negotiation with his royal friend Frederick,—the latter veiling under unctuous phrases of clerical-courtly evasiveness his want of initiative and capacity for vigorous decision or action. Frederick, on his part, in the interviews in which Voltaire endeavoured to sound his policy, knew, as well as a great Prussian minister has known since, how to cloak under the frankest communicativeness and unreserve of speech the depth of designs which he would have none penetrate till in course of execution. While Voltaire was essaying his amateur diplomacy against Frederick's kingdom, the royal author of the "Anti-Machiavel" on the other hand, was practising the most Machiavelic artifices to make Paris and Versailles too hot for Voltaire, and compel him to transfer the literary glory of his presence to Berlin and Potsdam. "Frederick," says M. Desnoiresterres, "was capable of proceeding to any extremity to get Voltaire to Berlin; and the surest way of doing so was to render it impossible for him to stay in France. His father, in time of profound peace had been in the habit of kidnapping the flower of the population of Christian states to recruit his grenadiers. Frederick was a different man, no doubt, from Frederick William. He was his father's own son, however, on more than one point; and in whatever he might differ, it was not in failing to inherit a certain ferocity of race, which he knew how to dissemble, but which betrayed on occasion shrewd signs of existence." While Voltaire was employing himself for the French Government, in an unavowed diplomatic mission at Berlin, Frederick was working underground to cut off his retreat into France. The King wrote to his ambassador-extraordinary at Paris, Count Rothenburg, "I send you an extract from a letter of Voltaire, which I beg you to find some indirect channel, without committing either yourself or me, to put into the hands of the Bishop of Mirepoix" (then an influential person at Court, and who was ridiculed without mercy in this letter of Voltaire to Frederick). "I want to make an irreconcilable quarrel for him in France; it is the only way to make sure of having him at Berlin."

It is amusingly illustrative of Voltaire's shrewdness, not to say sharpness, in money matters, that he got himself paid twice over for making his first journey to Berlin. First, by Frederick, whose invitation he had accepted on condition of payment of his travelling expenses, a condition which the King, who looked as sharply into money matters as Voltaire himself, grumbled at extremely, writing to his confidant Jordan, "His six days' apparition will cost me five hundred and fifty crowns a day. It is paying high for a Court fool; no great lord's buffoon ever had such wages." Secondly, Voltaire got paid by his own Government for his trip to Berlin, in the shape of a lucrative share in Government war-contracts, which he solicited, under the name of a relative, and obtained on the strength of his secret mission. "All this," says M. Desnoires-terres, "would not have loaded Voltaire's memory very heavily (as he simply turned to the best advantage the friendships he had made in high quarters, and the capital he had accumulated by previous successful operations), if he had not stigmatized with extraordinary severity, in a letter to President De Brosses, about this time, the monstrous fortunes, to the building up of which all the plagues which afflict nations contributed. "How long," he asked, "will the people suffer themselves to be ruined to pay for defeats in Germany, and enrich Marquet and Company?"—

Et Paris, et frates, et qui rapuere sub illis.

Considering that the brothers Paris had let in Voltaire for a good thing in their contracts, there was something passing strange, not to say impudent, in "*rapuere sub illis*," from his pen.

After losing the "divine Emilie," Voltaire had soon to experience, in male as in female friendship, what Louis XIV. in his old age gracefully expressed to one of his beaten generals, "Ah, Monsieur le Maréchal, on n'est plus heureux à notre âge!" The excessive *empressement* and occasional obtrusiveness of his courtiership had thrown him more and more out of favour than ever with Louis XV., and the death of Madame Du Châtelet having severed the closest of his private ties to his country, Frederick became more pressing than ever with his invitations to him to take up his permanent residence at Berlin. With his usual worldly shrewdness Voltaire, before he would agree to make the journey, again stipulated for the *advance* of his travelling expenses, as he

said he had no cash in hand for that purpose. The King took the hint, and, as he himself expressed it in verse, poured the requisite golden shower into the lap of his Danae. He sent him, moreover, with a profusion of verbal blandishments, the key of royal chamberlain, the cross of the Order of Merit, and the grant of a yearly income of twenty thousand livres, with house, table, and equipage free. The warmth of welcome entirely corresponded with that of invitation. But presently *surgit amari aliquid*. "What could be more natural," Frederick had written, "than that two philosophers, indissolubly linked by likeness of tastes and sentiments—*formed to live together*—should give themselves that satisfaction?" In this rose-coloured programme two things were forgotten. First, that one of the two philosophers, "formed to live together," was a wit; secondly, that the other of the two was a sovereign.

The story of Voltaire's quarrel with Frederick, of which the former retained the recollection all his life with his usual vehemence of vindictiveness, has been told humoristically by Carlyle in his "History" of that monaach, and with matter-of-fact precision by M. Desnoires-terres, and afterwards by Dr. Strauss. Frederick's favourite hobby had been to encage round him at Berlin, a French literary "happy family;" if such a family could have forgone its instincts, and forgotten its teeth and claws! No such association could hold Voltaire to his good behaviour; he was as "impossible" in a coterie not of his own selection or his own *épuration*, as the late Lord Brougham in a Cabinet where he could not be King and Premier rolled into one. Submission to authority, whether lay or clerical, was an impossible thing to Voltaire. His wit was an indomitable and irrepressible will-of-the-wisp, which would dance and flicker over whatever miasmata fed its flame; and there were such to feed it under the sabre sway of Potsdam, as under the alternate priest and petticoat sway of Versailles. On the other hand, Frederick was resolved to be master in his own house, and in his own Academy; and of the two wills, that of "the master of thirty legions" of course proved the stronger. Voltaire offended Frederick by overwhelming with merciless ridicule the head of his Academy, Maupertuis—formerly his (Voltaire's) friend and Newtonian oracle, and that of the divine Emilie—in the inimitable "*Diatribes du Docteur Akakia*," and in supplementary

farewell Parthian shots after leaving Berlin. He had further offended the king (and, we may add, discredited himself) by one of his habitual financing operations,—this time of a more than ordinarily shady complexion. We may refer our English readers to Carlyle's "History," and readers of French and German to M. Desnoiresterres' and Dr. Strauss's volumes, for the details of Voltaire's illicit transactions in Saxon bonds, under cover of purchases of jewelry from the Berlin Jew Hirschel. Neither Israelite nor Philosopher came well out of them. It so happened that Lessing, then a young man of two-and-twenty, was at Berlin, in needy circumstances, glad to find penwork of any kind. He was employed by Voltaire to translate into German his correspondence in the legal proceedings against Hirschel. Lessing was indiscreet enough to keep and communicate to others a proof-sheet, which had fallen into his hands, of Voltaire's "Louis XIV.," then printing at Berlin, and the first sight of which was, of course, reserved for royal eyes. His indiscretion got wind, and Voltaire expressed his displeasure, well-founded as it was, in terms so insulting to Lessing as made that German Voltaire his life-long enemy. The first fruit of that enmity was an epigram by Lessing on Voltaire's contest with Hirschel, the concluding lines of which may be freely translated as follows * :—

To cut it short, and make it clear to view

Wherefore the Jew

No better *versus* Herr Voltaire succeeded—

We can but say,

'Tis plain as day,

Voltaire much better played the Jew than *he* did.

The indignities of Voltaire's arrest at Frankfort, on his route from Berlin to Plombières, to which place he had made health his pretext for taking flight from the intolerable constraint of intercourse with his royal fellow-philosopher, were, for a century or so, known to the world only through the narrative of Voltaire himself, and that of his confidential secretary Collini, in which it is needless to say that Frederick and his stupidly blundering (as intensely servile) local satellites came off second-best in the eyes of

the whole European reading public. No contradiction to that narrative issued from the Prussian Chancery; and it was not till the late Varnhagen von Ense obtained access to the royal archives, in which the official documents about that affair had long lain buried, that its exact circumstances were made public. More than a hundred pages of Varnhagen's posthumously published "*Denkwürdigkeiten*" are devoted to a detailed account of it; and from that account it appears—as every one acquainted with Voltaire's free and easy way of dealing with facts in which he was personally concerned would have expected—that he had caricatured and exaggerated the language and conduct of Frederick's resident at Frankfort, Freytag, and his coadjutors, on every point which could enhance the odium of their proceedings. But we are not sure that Varnhagen's official details do not make them more odious still. The less truth there was in Voltaire's description of Frederick's Frankfort functionaries as mere ignorant and brutal ruffians, the more deliberate and systematic appears their non-recognition of all law, municipal or international, by which their "*allerdurchlauchtigster grossmächtigster König, allergnädigster König und Herr*" could be frustrated of his will, or balked of his vengeance. All Frederick wanted, except to show his ill-humour, was to get back from Voltaire, before he left Germany, his key of chamberlain, his cross and ribbon of the Order of Merit, and his copy of a privately-printed volume of the royal rhymester's (so-called) poetry, some of which, being of a scandalous complexion towards other powers, Voltaire might make mischief with. The King's orders were brief, rough, and peremptory, but, unluckily, vague also in the wording; and his local functionaries thought it safer to exceed than fall short of the rigour with which it was apparently intended they should be enforced. Accordingly, from the end of May to the beginning of July, Voltaire was detained in Frankfort, even after he had surrendered without demur the key and cross, and "*livre de poésie du roi mon maître*," as he thought fit to travesty Freytag's demand for that special treasure. Frederick's absence from Berlin at some of his military musters created delay in getting his orders on each fresh incident of this absurd transaction; and Voltaire's impatience, leading him to attempt to escape from Frankfort, Freytag regarded as a strong presumption

* We here subjoin the original lines of Lessing:—

"Und kurz und gut, den Grund zu fassen,

Warum die List

Dem Jüdem nicht gelungen ist,

So fällt die Antwort ungefähr—

Herr Voltaire war ein gröss'rer Schelm als er."

that he must either have perpetrated, or else must meditate the perpetration of something altogether *enorm*, or he would of course, have remained quietly under royal arrest until his *allergnädigster König und Herr* vouchsafed to send him marching orders.

Frederick soon forgave Voltaire for having been ill-used by him; but Voltaire never forgave Frederick. His vanity, indeed, found its account in renewed correspondence with the once-idolized monarch; but his rancorous and vindictive feeling smouldered in his breast to the day of his death. In the autobiographical fragment left behind him by Voltaire, his desire to blacken Frederick on the most exposed points of personal character is indulged without measure or modesty; but it is impossible to suppose all false in the picture of mingled philosophy and ribaldry he has left on record of the royal suppers at Potsdam. Whatever Frederick's nature may have been originally—however his heart may have been “formed for softness, warped to wrong”—his whole moral frame had received a violent wrench in youth, and never recovered from its effects. Frederick, indeed, gave that “terrible man,” his father, credit for having made him all he afterwards became as a king and conqueror; but his father may be said, probably with equal truth, to have unmade him as a loving and loveable man. His sentiments towards mankind, as a “*verdamnte Race*,” deserving and doomed to wretchedness—a sentence which, as a belligerent autocrat, he certainly did his part to execute—might well have originated in his own terrorized and tyrannized boyhood. Whatever its source, the heart's core of Frederick's married-unmarried life was bitterness. Voltaire's more cheerful cynicism may have given him, or rather promised him some refreshment; but between two such spirits it was not in the nature of things that there should be permanently safe or satisfactory intercourse. They should have remained contented with a commerce of flattery from a distance; and Voltaire could have rendered Frederick quite as well from a distance the only real service he was capable of rendering him—that of correcting his verses.

To kings most or least Christian, Voltaire owed only one final obligation—that, when his skittish tricks had exhausted their not too-enduring royal patience, they kept him determinedly at a

safe distance. On this one point of policy at least Frederick II. and Louis XV. were fully agreed. Voltaire tried to make use of his continued intimacy with Frederick's beloved sister, Wilhelmine, Margravine of Bayreuth, to procure for him a renewed invitation to Berlin, not probably with the intention of accepting it, but of making a merit at the Court of France of declining it. To Paris and Versailles, the theatres of his triumphs as a dramatist, if not as a courtier, his real wishes always pointed. Thither also pointed those of his widowed niece, Madame Denis, who contrived, some twenty odd years afterwards, to entice her aged relative to Paris to die there. At the earlier epoch now before us, of his return from Germany, he received intimations from his friends at Court that the great objection to him in that pure moral sphere was the religious one. The matter in hand, then, was to make some conspicuous demonstration of orthodoxy; and to Voltaire's way of thinking, says Dr. Strauss, there was never any difficulty about that. At Easter, 1754, he communicated in the church at Colmar with all signs of devotion, which, however, did him no good at Versailles or Paris. Most unluckily for the convert (of Reynard the Fox's fur), copies of the “*Pucelle*,” yet unpublished, had found their way to Paris, in which not only saintly personages were satirized, but, what was worse, unsaintly ones—the King and the Pompadour. Voltaire resorted to his customary disclaimers of the authorship of the obnoxious passages, and sent expurgated copies of the poem to the Ministers and the Mistress. The device was too stale. He next attempted to enlist on his side his old friend the Duke de Richelieu, now governor of Languedoc; but in an interview with the duke at Lyons got cold comfort from him as to his hopes at Court. Then he paid his devoirs, in grand gala-dress, to another old friend of the epoch of the “*aimable Régence*,” the Cardinal Archbishop de Tencin. But the Cardinal bowed him out of his archiepiscopal palace at Lyons in a minute or two, saying he could receive no one at his table who stood so ill at Court. Voltaire hobbled back to his carriage (afflicted with gout as well as with vain hopes and aims), and, after some moments of moody silence, said to his secretary, Collini, “My friend, there is no footing for us in this country.” He contrived, however, to keep one foot in France and one in Switzerland, for

nearly another quarter of a century, by purchases of estates on both sides the frontier. "A philosopher," he said, "with the hounds at his heels, must have more than one hole to run to." His turn for financing had yielded to an earth-hunger for landed property. Accordingly he purchased estates and houses in French, Genevese, and Bernese territory, and thus had the choice of three distinct governments, in case of necessity to seek a city of refuge. Ultimately, however, he settled down on his French property, to which he made considerable additions, and from which he derived the title he was latterly known by—that of the Patriarch of Ferney.

The quarrel of Voltaire with Rousseau, or rather of Rousseau with Voltaire, began about this time, when the latter first came to reside among the compatriots of the "Citizen of Geneva," who found or took occasion for his first declaration of war with the reigning Parisian philosophy and its recognized chief, from the appearance of D'Alembert's article *Geneve*, in the "Encyclopédie." That article had been partly written to promote the success of Voltaire's project of setting up a theatre at Geneva, a project which had combined against it the entire forces of ecclesiastical and political conservatism in the city of Calvin. There was something rather amusing than edifying in the austere attitude of Rousseau on this occasion—himself an enthusiastic votary of the theatre, and a dramatic author—standing forth all of a sudden to proclaim, in the pulpit style of Geneva, that the drama universally, however moralized, was pernicious, and that no calamity could befall his country to be compared for a moment with that of imbibing a fatal taste for theatricals. Voltaire, on receiving the first intelligence of Rousseau's letter, and before he had read it, exclaimed, "They say he has pushed sacrilege to the pitch of blaspheming the drama, which is becoming the third sacrament of Genevan Protestantism. In this country of Calvin, everyone is going mad for the theatre. Three new pieces have been acted within three months at Geneva, and of those three pieces one only is mine."* Eight years afterwards, when Rousseau thought fit to include Voltaire in the imaginary machinations against his fame and peace with which he charged David Hume (?), Voltaire again wrote to D'Alembert, "Imaginez-

vous que Jean-Jacques m'accuse aussi d'être de ses ennemis, moi qui n'ai d'autre reproche à me faire que d'avoir trop bien parlé et trop bien pensé de lui. Je l'ai toujours cru un peu charlatan, mais je ne le croyais pas un méchant homme. Je suis bien tenté de lui faire un défi public d'administrer les preuves qu'il a contre moi ; ce défi l'embarrasserait beaucoup, mais en vaut-il la peine ?"

The question of theatre or no theatre at Geneva was not first raised by Voltaire. Wherever there were Frenchmen in the last—(may we not add in the present ?)—century, there must needs be theatres ; and, in the France of Voltaire's day, the politics of the green-room were the only politics left besides those of the boudoir. Seventeen or eighteen years before Voltaire's sojourn in Switzerland, the ambassadors of France, Sardinia, and the Swiss cantons had held conferences at Geneva for the purpose of restoring concord in that little commonwealth much vexed with factions. These assembled diplomatists, in the intervals of business, missed their accustomed amusements, and besought the "Magnifiques Seigneurs" of the governing Council to provide a theatre for them at Geneva. Much against the grain, the Council did permit the erection of a temporary wooden edifice of that description ; but the ecclesiastical consistory only waived their opposition, on condition that the licence should be limited to one year. That term expired, the Venerable Consistory summoned the Magnificent Council to keep its promise ; and the reason they gave for thinking the drama a less suitable recreation at Geneva than anywhere else, was the "prodigious taste" for it, to which they held it therefore of vital importance to administer no further aliment.* Well, the theatre was closed, and *théâtres de famille* innumerable were opened. The Magnificent Council and the Venerable Consistory went on waging an unequal conflict with the "prodigious taste" of considerable numbers of their fellow-citizens, when Voltaire suddenly swooped down amongst them, and the conflict from doubtful seemed to have become desperate.

The civil and ecclesiastical authorities maintained, indeed, their *veto* against the erection of a public theatre at Geneva ; but the Magnificent Council and Venerable Consistory were sorely beset with

* Lettre de Voltaire à D'Alembert, 2 Sept. 1758.

* "Représentation du Consistoire au Magnifique Conseil du 20 et 27 Avril, 1738."

remonstrances against the manifest iniquity of a police which had two weights and two measures for persons of quality on the one hand, and the plebeian theatre-going public on the other. While the citizens of Geneva were rigorously refused indulgence of their "prodigious taste" for theatricals, it was alleged too truly that M. de Voltaire enticed "persons of both sexes" to his château, to "commit the indecency" of seeing and acting in plays just outside the Genevan frontier. But what remedy? The *crème de la crème* of the society, not of the cantons only but of the adjacent French provinces, flocked to "assist" actively or passively in the same indecency of setting at nought the united wisdom of the Magnificent Council and the Venerable Consistory of Geneva. The Seigneur of Ferney always gave them good words in reply to their pompous representations, and always good suppers to those who came to see his plays. There matters rested, "to the great indignation," says M. Desnoiresterres, "of austere people, and also of artisans and common people, who denounced with justice the too evident inequality in the practical application of the law to different classes."

In Gibbon's "Memoirs of My Life and Writings," the following description is given of the impression made on him by the earlier dramatic performances started (and shared in) by Voltaire before his final establishment, which, of course, included a theatre *en permanence*, at Ferney:—

The highest gratification which I derived from Voltaire's residence at Lausanne, was the uncommon circumstance of hearing a great poet declaim his own productions on the stage. He had formed a company of gentlemen and ladies, some of whom were not destitute of talents. A decent theatre was framed at Monrepos, a country house at the end of a suburb; dresses and scenes were provided at the expense of the actors; and the author directed the rehearsals with the zeal and attention of paternal love. In two successive winters his tragedies of "Zaire," "Alzire," "Zulime," and his sentimental comedy of the "Enfant Prodigue," were played at the theatre of Monrepos. Voltaire represented the characters best adapted to his years—Lusignan, Alvarcz, Benassar, Euphemon. His declamation was fashioned to the pomp and cadence of the old stage; and he expressed the enthusiasm of poetry, rather than the feelings of nature. My ardour, which soon became conspicuous, seldom failed of procuring me a ticket. The habits of pleasure fortified my taste for the French theatre, and that taste has perhaps abated my idolatry for the gigan-

tic genius of Shakespeare, which is inculcated from our infancy as the first duty of an Englishman. The wit and philosophy of Voltaire, his table and theatre, refined, in a visible degree, the manners of Lausanne; and, however addicted to study, I enjoyed my share of the amusements of society. After the representations at Monrepos I sometimes supped with the actors.*

It is curious to contrast the moderate estimate formed by Gibbon of Voltaire's makeshift theatre and amateur actors with the fine frenzy of the elderly poet and performer of elderly parts himself, all whose geese were swans, even that fat little goose, Madame Denis, the *Zaire* of the *troupe*, whom Voltaire did not hesitate to compare to Clairon, and even wrote something to that effect to Clairon herself, then the recognized Queen of Tragedy at Paris. The latter, who (talent apart) was only five or six-and-thirty, could not feel much flattered by the comparison with a jolly old soul (*grosse réjouie*) of fifty years of age; and Voltaire, whose dramatic prestige at the capital was, in good measure, in Clairon's keeping, had to disclaim the impiety of having meant to compare any one with *her*. Madame d'Epainay, who paid Voltaire a visit about this time, has left, in a letter to Grimm, a speaking portrait of Madame Denis, which we cannot resist extracting:—

Voltaire's niece is enough to make one die of laughing. She is a fat little woman as round as a ball, of about fifty—*femme comme on ne l'est point*—ugly, good-humoured, an enormous liar, without ill-intention or ill-nature—without talent, while seeming talented—forever screaming at the top of her voice, laying down the law, talking politics, tagging verses, *raisonnant, déraisonnant*. All this without too much pretension, and without giving any offence to any one. Through all this peeps out a little pervading tinge of partiality for the male sex. She adores her uncle, *en tant qu'oncle, et en tant qu'homme*. Voltaire loves her, laughs at her, and holds her in reverence.

This lively letter-writer represented all Paris in the eyes of Voltaire, who paid her the most assiduous and admiring attentions, and kept her amused and flattered, though she pretends impatience:—

"One can find no time for anything in the house with Voltaire," she writes to her *bon ami*, Grimm. "I have passed the day alone with him and his niece, and he is fairly tired telling me tales. When I asked permission to write

* "The Life of Edward Gibbon, Esq., with Selections from his Correspondence," &c., by Milman, p. 108.

four lines to you, that you might not be uneasy about my health, which is excellent, he begged to stay in the room to see what my black eyes were saying while I wrote. He seats himself opposite me, gets up to poke the fire, laughs, and says he knows I am turning him into ridicule, and that I look as if I were writing a critique of him. I reply that I am writing all he is saying, as it is at least as much worth writing as anything I am thinking."

This period was beyond comparison the most productive of Voltaire's literary existence, if we consider the extended scope and influence as well as the mere number of his writings. Voltaire's dramatic works, which held the highest estimation in his own mind and day, have long lost that pre-eminence; and his other histrionic career of courtiership at Versailles and Berlin had, as we have seen, been anything but successful. In both spheres the satirist had been too much for the courtier; but his latter rôle having finally been abandoned in the period now before us, satire on State and Church flowed from his pen, throughout its whole duration, without impediment and without respect of persons. "For forty years," he wrote to D'Alembert from Ferney, in 1761, "I have endured the outrages of bigots and blackguards [*polissons*]. I have found there was nothing to gain by moderation, *et que c'est une duperie*. I must wage war openly and die nobly —

Sur un tas de bigots immolés à mes pieds.

From henceforth his writings assumed a character more distinctly polemical against everything that excited his displeasure in Church or State; and as, in all his writings, he aimed especially at immediate effect, and his natural and acquired gifts were better fitted for the light cavalry movements of wit and satire than for the heavy artillery engagements of erudite controversy, his literary activity at this period took in great part the shape of fugitive and occasional pieces. "He set flying," says Strauss, "from the Swiss and Dutch presses a regular wasp-swarm of such writings all over France and Europe." Almost every month produced some novelty of this description, and each in succession went forth under the names of different authors — men who were dead, or men who had never lived. His maxim was to hit the mark, but not show the hand of the marksman. "I am a warm friend of truth," he wrote to D'Alembert, "but no friend at all to martyrdom." A friend of truth, with lim-

ited liability. We believe, however, Dr. Strauss is right in saying it would be misunderstanding Voltaire to ascribe his disguises solely to regard for his personal safety. Quite irrespectively of any danger from revealing himself, this playing at hide-and-seek with the French and European public was a never-failing source of amusement to one of his tricky temper.

The optimist Théodicée of Leibnitz and Pope, to which he had shown some earlier leaning became a pet subject of Voltaire's satirical vein, as indulged especially in his poem on the "Earthquake of Lisbon" and afterwards in his "Candide." In earlier years he had shown himself quite as ready to do battle against pessimist views of life and nature, when these assumed a religious shape in Pascal's "Pensées," as afterwards against the systematically opposite view of "the best possible world," which he made to cut such an absurd figure in the Pangloss of "Candide." His final consolatory conclusion seems to have been that, if everything is not exactly good, everything is at least passable; and he puts in the mouth of the angel Ithuriel, with obvious reference to Paris, the indulgent sentence, "*Il n'y a pas de quoi brûler Persépolis*." Here we may remark parenthetically that every successive horde of Parisian political levellers has declared and demonstrated an opposite determination to Voltaire's Ithuriel. Each in succession has uniformly uttered the threat that he would possess the fair Lutetia, or make a holocaust of her. The last and most desperate horde of anarchists in our own day went nearer carrying that threat into execution than any of their precursors.

What, however, most justly rendered illustrious Voltaire's so-called Patriarchate of Ferney, besides his liberal patronage and encouragement of local industries, was, his persevering and ultimately successful efforts to repair, so far as the tardy intervention of public justice could repair, the atrocious iniquities perpetrated by the second Parliament of the kingdom, that of Toulouse, on the impulse of popular fanaticism, against the innocent Calas and Sirven families. His equally energetic, and still more protracted, efforts were not crowned with success, to obtain the reversal of the scarcely less outrageous sentences of the Parliament of Abbeville against La Barre and D'Étalonde, the former of which was actually carried into execution. The last named of the two youths capitally sentenced for

offences which, *if proved* (and it does not seem that they were proved), amounted to nothing more heinous than some sword-cuts or cane-cuts inflicted on a wooden image, the singing of some ribald rhymes of Piron, and the omission of obeisance to a Capuchin procession—saved himself by flight, and received, at Voltaire's request, a commission in the Prussian service.

In devoting a volume to the revindication of the memory of Jean Calas, more than a century after his memory had been already vindicated by the highest judicial authorities of France, M. Athanase Coquerel has discharged a pious office, not only to the posthumous good repute of an innocent man, iniquitously condemned and executed, but to the historical good repute of an entire religious communion, which it is shameful should have been otherwise than superfluous in this latter half of the nineteenth century. He has, however, discharged it thoroughly. If Count Joseph de Maistre, of papacy-defending memory, were now sitting down to write his "*Soirées de Saint-Pétersbourg*," he would scarcely have the more than Ultramontane assurance to indite the following sentences of his first "*entretien*":—

Rien de moins prouvé, Messieurs, je vous l'assure, que l'innocence de Calas. Il y a mille raisons d'en douter, et même en croire le contraire.

It might, indeed, have been enough to reply to the revivers of such groundless calumnies, that a royal Commission composed of the highest judicial and administrative functionaries in France reversed *unanimously* the sentence which had been pronounced and executed against Jean Calas, exactly three years before, by the Parliament of Toulouse. It may, nay it must, be admitted that there had been nothing very exceptionally atrocious in the procedure of that body in the case of Calas. Atrocity was the rule of the old judiciary administration, not the exception. On the impulse of Voltaire's disinterested and determined agitation of that case, as afterwards of the not less crying cases of Sirven, La Barre, and D'Étalonde, France was awakened to the sense that, in the middle of the eighteenth century, the lives and properties of every subject of the realm lay at the mercy of tribunals, whose modes of procedure, rules of evidence, and employment of torture had been formed on the model of the Holy Inquisition of the fourteenth century.

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The procedure of the Parliament of Toulouse in the case of Sirven, shortly subsequent to that of Calas, showed that it was sensible of no deviation from precedent in the first of these cases; and that of the Parliament of Abbeville, in those of La Barre and D'Étalonde, furnished Voltaire new subjects of impassioned and just invective, and of active intervention through every channel open to his personal influence.

The case of Jean Calas has been so often set before general readers, especially readers of Voltaire, that a brief notice may suffice in this place of the most salient and shocking points of it as brought out in bold relief by M. Coquerel.

Jean Calas was a Protestant tradesman in Toulouse, that most Catholic city. He had been established in trade forty years there, and had won the respect and confidence not of his fellow Protestants only, but also of his respectable Roman Catholic fellow-citizens, with whom he had always lived in perfectly amicable relations of business and intercourse. One of his younger sons had gone over to the dominant Church, having been aided and abetted in that transition by a Roman Catholic female servant in his father's house. It is characteristic of the tolerant religious temper of the family that, notwithstanding the injury, as they must have considered it, thus done them, this woman, Jeanne Viguier, continued undisturbed in their service, and steadfastly attached to the unfortunate family all the rest of her life. The eldest son, Marc-Antoine, was ambitious to enter the profession of the law; but, having passed the examinations requisite for admission to the title of advocate, had been refused the certificate of Catholicity further requisite for that admission, which was commonly granted without inquiry, as a matter of form. The same obstacle stopped him at the threshold of other professions, and, greatly to his disgust, he found himself thrust back behind his father's counter. The young man became idle and irregular in his habits: at home sombre and taciturn. According to his mother's evidence, he was fond of repeating whatever he could find in Plutarch, Montaigne, or Gresset (Werther and René had not yet loomed lurid on those days) in the nature of apology for, or glorification of, suicide. The day of his death he had almost wholly spent in the billiard-room and tennis court, and had given no account of a sum of money entrusted to him to exchange silver for

gold. That evening, Marc-Antoine supped as usual, about seven o'clock, with the family, and, as usual, sat moody and silent, and he quitted the table early. The rest of the party, including a young man of the name of Lavaysse, who was in Toulouse for a day or two, and casually invited to supper, stayed together in the upper room, where they had supped, till about a quarter to ten, when Lavaysse took leave; and a younger son, Pierre, went down to show him out. When these two got down stairs with a light, they instantly gave the alarm to those above of a catastrophe that had happened. A surgeon was called in, and the younger son, Pierre, ran wildly about the neighbourhood, as he said, "demandeur conseil partout."

Now *what* had happened on Jean Calas' ground-floor? By the subsequent testimony of Pierre Calas and Lavaysse, they had found Marc-Antoine hanging to a log of wood (such as was used to wind bales of calico round) placed on the top of the two leaves of an open door which divided the front and back shops. The first thing done was, of course, to take him down and attempt resuscitation. The next thing that suggested itself unfortunately to Calas the father was to beg the rest to say nothing of the situation in which the body had been found, in order to spare it the public ignominies inflicted on suicides. In the meantime, the alarm given by Pierre Calas had brought a mob round the house. The dissimulation attempted by the father as to the cause of death created a mystery which the mob instantly solved after mob-fashion by improvising a Catholic legend of a Protestant religious murder. This monstrous supposition, echoed by every tongue, was at once, with blind precipitation, assumed as fact by the magistrate, David de Beaudrigue, who first showed himself on the spot. That over-zealous functionary, without the slightest pains to take an exact survey of the place and circumstances — especially two most significant circumstances — that the upper garments of the unfortunate youth were found set aside, neatly folded, and that the body and the rest of the apparel bore no marks of a struggle — hurried off to prison the whole family party found in the house, including the Catholic servant-maid and the chance guest, who had come back there voluntarily after having left it, and had found some difficulty in readmittance. Truly two most likely accomplices, by their

conduct and antecedents, in the presumed Protestant crime!

The legend started at once in full panoply from the popular brain. Marc-Antoine, it was fabled, had shown signs of approaching conversion to the Catholic faith. The Protestant body, it was further fabled, made it a point of principle to assassinate all seceders from their Huguenot heresy. That body had held a sort of *Vehmgericht*, no one could say where, to pass the sentence of death, *de rigueur* in all such cases, on Marc-Antoine. The young Lavaysse had acted as a delegate from that body to help the parents of Calas to carry the sentence of their co-religionists into effect. But the Catholic servant-maid, who had promoted one conversion in the family already, with perfect impunity as well to herself as to the convert — was she, too, a party to this Protestant capital punishment of the eldest son of the family for the (invented) intention of following the example of his younger brother? She must! But how could she? A mystery of iniquity, none the less easily credited because passing comprehension.

The moment the family party found themselves charged with a crime, the imputation of which, with their well-known antecedents, they could scarcely have conceived as possible, they abandoned all attempt to save the memory of the suicide, and each separately stated the facts of the case as above narrated.

But M. David de Beaudrigue, a *titular* Capitoul of Toulouse, (*i.e.* one who, as Voltaire expressed it, had bought for money the right as a Councillor of Parliament, to administer injustice,) was resolved that about this Protestant murder of an intending Catholic convert there was, and could, and should be no mistake. The crime was self-evident from the moment it suggested itself to an orthodox mob. But something that should look like corroborative evidence still appeared wanting, or something that could be extorted as direct evidence from the prime culprit by torture. Accordingly, on the one hand, a fulminating *monitoire* was issued, by the Archbishop of Toulouse, quite in the style of the fourteenth century, to be read from all pulpits for a series of weeks, enjoining, on pain of excommunication, on all persons who should have learned, *by hearsay or otherwise*, anything whatever on the several heads of accusation enumerated in that precious document, — (in which were assumed, not

only the guilt of the Calas family and their alleged accomplices, but the maxims of murder calumniously ascribed to the whole Protestant body,)—to make their depositions before the proper authority. Evidence *in favour* of the accused was neither invited nor accepted when tendered. Thus were collected, to do duty for evidence, all the idle hearsays afloat in Toulouse, utterly unsupported, utterly unsifted, though the facts lay open to any impartial scrutiny. But, as all did not suffice to bring home guilt to parties perfectly innocent, the unexceptionable method, sanctioned by many a time-honoured precedent, remained to extract the truth by torture, ordinary and extraordinary, from Jean Calas himself. Accordingly, this man, who, for more than sixty years, had led a life on which no reproach ever rested, this father of a family, whose family rule had been one of tolerance and indulgence, was put to tortures the blood runs cold to read, for the sole purpose (his own doom had been already pronounced) of involving in that doom his equally innocent wife, son, servant and guest. If Calas had flinched from the extremest torments flesh could endure, and retain life and speech, if his undaunted soul had for one moment been betrayed by his aged and enfeebled frame, his torture and death would have been shared by all the survivors of that fatal supper party. But the fortitude of innocence sustained Jean Calas to the bitter end; and the honest priest, who stood at his side during his last two hours of agony on the wheel, thought it his duty to go round to the members of the mediæval judiciary, who had condemned him, to attest that the innocent man had, to the last, asseverated his innocence, and that of all involved along with him in the same monstrous accusation. This saved the family: even the Capitouls of Toulouse durst not repeat the procedure which had failed of the effect mainly intended in the case of Jean Calas. The popular sympathies were by this time changing sides. Mr. Morley is in error in stating that "the widow and the children of Calas were put to the torture," and also in stating that they eventually fled to Geneva to take refuge with Voltaire. One of them alone did so.

That such a sentence as that of Calas should have been passed and executed in the kingdom of France at the date of the opening of the reign of our George III.—a prodigy of bigotry, any Protestant parallel to which, in England, must

be sought as far back as the reigns of our Charles and James II.—was disgrace enough to the inquisitorial judicial procedure under the old *régime*—a procedure, by the way, which has left its *mauvaise queue* behind it in France to our own times. But some worthy descendants of the Toulouse Councillors of Parliament in 1762, and some worthy representatives of that inveterate intolerance of religious dissidence, which, in the South of France, has smouldered on from generation to generation under *cinéri doloso* from that day to this,—have, in quite late years, thought fit to take on their own shoulders even a worse disgrace than that of their great-great-grandfathers, as regards the case of Calas. After all, their ancestors acted on popular impulse, as ours did in the Popish Plot trials. But to seek to reassert in these days the justice of the preposterous procedure which convicted Calas, in the teeth of the solemn and deliberate reversal of the results of that procedure, is much as if the ultra-Protestant champions of our own day should set about rehabilitating the judges and juries who did legal murders on the evidence of Oates and Bedloe. The only explanation of the obstinate tenacity of life of such strong delusions in the minds of men, who, by courtesy, may be termed educated, is, that the cause of innocence, in the persons of the Calas family, owed its triumph to Voltaire, and there are minds so constituted that they will not serve God if the devil bids them. The Abbé Salvan, one of the recent apologists of the judicial murderers of Jean Calas, expresses himself as follows in reply to the first edition of M. Coquerel's work: "That philosopher [Voltaire] has done a great deal of harm to Calas. Many people have believed the guilt of the Toulouse Protestant solely because Voltaire took up the defence of his memory, and went so far as to pay the costs of the final proceedings." Truly that was going farther than ecclesiastical charity would have gone in Voltaire's day. But "that philosopher" would as willingly have advanced the cost of Calas' defence before he had been racked and broken on the wheel as after. Had Voltaire been in time to arrest the execution of an iniquitous judgment, instead of merely obtaining a tardy reparation for those who survived it, would the reverend Abbé have ventured to affirm that "that philosopher" had "done a great deal of harm" to Jean Calas, by preserving his home

from being broken up, his property confiscated, his body racked in the gaol, and his limbs fractured on the scaffold? That was what Voltaire would have done doubtless, or endeavoured to do, had he had earlier notice of the proceedings against Calas, while they were yet pending. What the Abbé Salvan's ecclesiastical predecessors at Toulouse did, was to foment to their utmost the popular zealotry which, from the first moment, prejudged the case. Even after the reversal of the judgment of the Parliament by royal authority, the Archbishop of Toulouse, to requite the religious zeal of *Messieurs du Parlement*, and to administer spiritual consolation for their secular snubbing, granted each and all of them the singular privilege of having mass celebrated in their houses on Sundays.*

It was, as we have said, during the twenty years of Voltaire's Ferney patriarchate, that his pen took the widest range over the whole field of philosophy and theology, after his own discursive fashion. In his writings and correspondence of those years the Abbé Bartruel and Professor Robison found their strongest "Proofs of a Conspiracy" against all Thrones and Altars. Voltaire and his encyclopedic Paris correspondents at any rate *conspired aloud*. There never was much mystery about the mark aimed at, though, as we have said, there might be some effort to conceal the marksman's hand. What, then, was the mark aimed at? What was the occult sense of that mystic formula, "*Ecrasez l'infâme*," which customarily closed Voltaire's letters of that period to D'Alembert, and his former patron, and still philosophic brother, Frederick of Prussia? Dr. Strauss has the following observations on this much-vexed question:—

No lesser name than that of Jesus Christ has been said to be intended by the "Infâme;" no lesser offence than blasphemy has

* It would seem, however, that not even the privilege of Sunday masses *à domicile* could "minister to the mind diseased" of David de Beaudrigue. That busy municipal, who must be held the prime mover of the murder of Jean Calas, had thought fit, without any official obligation, to be present at his execution—not, says M. Coquerel candidly, to feast his eyes with the torture and death of his victim, but from the ardent desire to convince himself that he had not made a cruel mistake, and to catch at a last dying confession from that victim, were it but by a word or look. "David n'était pas un monstre; c'était un fanatique plein de précipitation et d'empressement. Il avait besoin de croire que les Calas étaient coupables, et à mesure que le dernier moment approchait, il renfermait avec effort au-dedans de lui les premières angoisses du doute épouvantable qui finit par le rendre fou."

therefore been charged on its use. But what sufficiently shows that such cannot have been the intention of the Voltairian use of that name is, that the word "Infâme," in most instances in which it is used, is not masculine but feminine. This appears from those passages in which the phrase is carried out into length, and in which this strange personified attribute is represented by a feminine pronoun. Thus Voltaire writes to D'Alembert: "*Adieu, mon dur philosophe, si vous pouvez écrasez l'infâme, écrasez-la, et aimez-moi.*" Frederick writes to Voltaire: "*J'approuve fort la méthode de donner des nasardes à l'infâme en la comblant de politesses.*" Well, but who then is this feminine "Infâme," to whom Voltaire and his friends have vowed destruction? Upon this point, also, his correspondence leaves us in no doubt. "I would wish," writes Voltaire to D'Alembert, "that you crushed the *Infâme*—that is the essential point. *Vous pensez bien que je ne parle que de la superstition; car, pour la religion, je l'aime et la respecte comme vous.*" Again, D'Alembert to Voltaire: "*Cet infâme fanatisme, que vous voudriez voir écrasé, et qui fait le refrain de toutes vos lettres,*" &c. The "Infâme," then, is superstition—fanaticism. These, however, are abstract notions. What is their intended application to actual facts? When Voltaire writes to D'Alembert that he wishes to see the "Infâme" reduced in France to the same condition in which she finds herself in England, and when Frederick writes to Voltaire that philosophers flourished amongst the Greeks and Romans, because their religion had no dogmas—"mais les dogmes de notre infâme gâtent tout"—it is clear we must understand by the "Infâme," whose destruction was the watchword of the Voltairian circle, the Christian Church, without distinction of communions, Catholic or Protestant.

In other passages of Voltaire's correspondence with D'Alembert, he distinctly declares his conviction that the philosophers "will certainly not destroy the Christian religion; but Christianity, on the other hand, will not suppress the philosophers. Their number will continually go on increasing, from them will young men, destined to important public stations, seek enlightenment. Their increasing influence will render religion less savage, society more soft. They will prevent priesthoods from sapping religion and morality. They will render fanatics hateful, superstitionists ridiculous."

No regimen could have been conceived more certain to convert expansive into explosive forces, than that which was maintained throughout the eighteenth century in France, down to the actual outbreak of the great Revolution of 1789. There was just enough of authoritative restraint to give zest to resistance, just

enough of feeble attempt at persecution to excite public curiosity and interest about the obnoxious opinions. There was just enough of vexatious censorship of literary productions, and occasional confiscation of literary property, to exasperate without effectually disabling the class which had most influence over the public mind. But what we are chiefly led to take notice of by our present subject, is the effect produced by this regimen on the *mode* of discussing the most serious questions. All that authority really succeeded in doing, was in forming the controversial style of Voltaire. Such a style of controversy could admit of no apology in a free country. In proportion as discussion on the highest subjects is free, flippancy is indefensible. But, as Shaftesbury has observed :

If men are forbid to speak their minds seriously upon certain subjects, they will do so ironically. And thus raillery is brought more in fashion, and runs into an extreme. 'Tis the persecuting spirit has raised the bantering one ; and want of liberty may account for want of true politeness, and for the corruption or wrong use of pleasantry and humour.*

Voltaire's sharpest stabs at the creed of his Church are usually followed by the most edifying exhortations to sacrifice reason at the altar of faith, and the most vehement disclaimers of all concurrence in the audacious heresies which he repudiates, while promulgating them. The disguise is transparent ; but even a pretext for assuming it would have been wanting, if authority had not ever and anon had recourse to the secular arm, to seizures and burnings of books and imprisonment of authors.

"In our own times," says Mr. Morley, "the profession of letters is placed with other polite avocations, and those who follow it for the most part accept the traditional social ideas of the time, just as clergymen, lawyers and physicians accept them. The modern man of letters corresponds to the ancient sophist, whose office it was to confirm, adorn and propagate the current prejudice. To be a man of letters in France in the middle of the eighteenth century was to be the official enemy of the current prejudices and their sophistical defenders in the Church and the parliaments. Parents heard of a son's design to go to Paris to write books, or to mix with those who wrote books, with the same dismay with which a respectable Athenian heard of a son following Socrates, or a respectable modern hears of one declaring himself a Positivist."

* "Characteristics," i. 71.

Where Mr. Morley got his notion that the literary men, or the professional men of our times are remarkably prone implicitly to accept traditional doctrines, we cannot pretend to conjecture. It is indeed true that neither men of letters nor men of science, for the most part, show themselves prepared to exchange old dogmatisms for new. A "respectable modern" would probably hear of his son "declaring himself a Positivist" with the sort of amusement with which older men are in the habit of hearing other "positive" declarations, made by younger ones, who have not yet sown their philosophical wild oats. There is an old story of Robert Owen's father-in-law, Dale the Quaker, saying to him, after hearing his confident programme of a complete new social system: "Thee should be very right, Robert, for thee's very positive." Minds which have not yet reached (and minds that never reach) maturity readily grasp at whatever offers itself in the shape of plausible projects of entire intellectual and social revolution. So much study is saved by them! "Positivism" shelves so summarily all theology, and all metaphysics, as lumber of bygone ages — and even in physical science narrows so authoritatively the field of requisite study! Indolence and conceit (the besetting failings of youth, and which stick for life to those who have not stamina to reach mental manhood) find their account in welcoming a world-philosophy, which, while it taboos, *ex cathedra*, from all future "scientific" inquiry the highest subjects of study which have hitherto exercised the highest minds amongst men, cuts down those subjects which it dogmatically admits within the domain of "positivism" to just so much of misunderstood science as came within the imperfect vision of the most purblind of pseudo-philosophic mystagogues.

But enough of Comte and Positivism — topics which indeed have as little to do with Voltaire as muddled brains can have to do with clear ones. In turning over the "dreary and verbose pages," as Professor Huxley truly terms them, of the "*Philosophie Positive*," pages at every second or third of which the word "*spontané*" or "*spontanément*" recurs regularly with no precise meaning, one is sorely tempted to exclaim — Oh, for one hour of Voltaire! Oh, for a stroke or two from the satiric pen of Doctor Akakia!

To a lady who once complimented Voltaire on his exquisite phrases, he replied, "Madam, I never made a phrase in

my life." Neither did he. He talked with the pen to all readers on all subjects, and his winged words flew over all Europe as light as thistledown, depositing, like thistledown, abundant seeds for prickly growth. Sixty odd years and seventy volumes were filled with his conversations with all Europe—with all in Europe capable of the charm of literary conversation. That conversation was, indeed, conducted under difficulties; but these gave zest to the appetite with which the forbidden fruit of his writings was produced and plucked, despite the official frown and impotent interdict of authority. "*Je tiens infiniment à ce qu'on me lise,*" was his own frank avowal, and the difficulties often thrown in the way of bringing himself before the public doubtless kept him the more alive to the requisites for catching and fixing public interest. If his sense and taste made Voltaire averse to phrase-making, he was not less averse to *punning*—a sort of wit, he said, cultivated by those who have no other. His own wit, however, was sometimes exercised in plays upon words, as when an English visitor, Sherlock, dined with him once at Ferney, and asked him "comment il avait trouvé la chère Anglaise?" "*Très-fraîche et très-blanche,*" replied the Patriarch.

The twenty odd years of Voltaire's life, spent on the borders of Switzerland, were, as we have said, the most productive, and certainly the least perturbed, part of it. But his own impatience (still more that of his housekeeping niece, widow Denis) of life-long exile from Paris, lured him back at last to be whirled to death in the metropolitan Maelstrom. Louis XV. had for once shown enough of the royal virtue of decision to keep Voltaire at a distance from his court and capital. Louis XVI. seldom had will enough of his own to be capable of frustrating the will of others. Widow Denis (who, as she proved within a year after the death of her uncle, had no wish so strong as to find opportunity for indulgence of the long-cherished impulse *convolare in secundas nuptias*) had able and not over-scrupulous accomplices at Ferney in her feminine plot to coax the old patriarch back to Paris. A protégée of hers was married to a fashionable and philosophic Marquis de Villette, and the pair were domiciled at that time with Voltaire at Ferney. They contrived amongst them to get epistolary reports from Paris, that Court and city were alike prepared to do homage to the old poet-philosopher.

He had just completed a new tragedy, "*Irene,*" the last child of his dramaturgic old age; and his familiar fiends tempted him with suggestions that it could not be put well on the stage without his personal presence in Paris to school the actors. The ruling passion, strong on the verge of death, prevailed. His judicious physician, Tronchin, predicted—a prediction too soon verified—that so old a tree could be transplanted so late only to perish.

Voltaire, when asked at the barriers of Paris if there was anything contraband in his carriage, replied, "Only myself!" Poems, addresses, and deputations came thick upon him, and he had something lively and pleasant to say to all who came. The Hôtel de Villette, where he had taken up his temporary abode, was crowded all day with visitors. Other crowds followed him whenever he showed himself in the streets. The popular voice hailed the old patriarch especially as the defender of Calas; and his old coach, as well as his old-world costume, everywhere drew the public gaze. He went about in a red coat lined with ermine, a black wig unpowdered, a red cap also trimmed with fur, not the last cap of that colour destined, at no long interval of time, to be seen in Paris. He had come from Ferney in his old coach, which was painted sky-blue studded with gold stars, and was dubbed by the wits of Paris "the chariot of the empyrean." Another car of Voltairian triumph, under another régime, was destined to be dragged through Paris some few years later. It was said of him epigrammatically, in the days when Revolution was sanguine, and before it had yet become sanguinary on a grand scale, "*Il n'a pas vu tout ce qu'il a fait, mais il a fait tout ce que nous voyons.*"

Not foreseeing Revolution, Voltaire soon saw he had no friends at Court—none, at least, who could help him to regain his footing there of some thirty years before. The Count d'Artois, indeed, afterwards the Most Christian King Charles X., but who was then as liberal as youth and vice could make him, would have been well disposed to give courtly and cordial welcome to all that was worst in Voltaire. Queen Marie Antoinette would have liked, it was said, to have gone to his play, with the longing, says Strauss, of a crowned daughter of Eve after forbidden fruit, or with a not less natural curiosity to set eyes on the old Tree of Knowledge himself. But here for once Louis XVI. interposed his royal

and marital veto, and Versailles left Paris to apotheosize unassisted the old Proteus of literature on the old-accustomed scene of the successes most prized by him — the stage. Voltaire was present in his box, the observed of all observers, while his bust was being worshipped in rhyme and crowned with laurels, and the house rang with the reiterated plaudits of the Parisian public. "You are stifling me with roses," he exclaimed. All that glorious noise was indeed his death-knell. Not only were his nerves strained beyond his strength with excitement, he had filled his hands with work. He had undertaken to aid the Academy in their Dictionary of the French language: he took the letter *A* on his hands, and wound himself up to his task with strong coffee. This produced a return of inflammation of the bladder from which he had formerly suffered, and then he gave himself overdoses of opium to still the pain. The beginning of the end was evident. Tronchin was called in too late. Too late also for the purpose were called in the offices of the clergy, whom the dying man could not satisfy that he died believing enough to entitle his corpse to Catholic burial.

Voltaire had always expressed great horror at the idea of such indignities befalling his own remains as he had seen inflicted on those of his actress-friend Adrienne Lecouvreur, and which he had branded soon afterwards in indignant verse. An actor or actress dying in harness (like Molière or Lecouvreur) was refused burial in consecrated ground as a matter of course. *A fortiori*, a writer such as Voltaire, dying unreconciled to the Church, would assuredly not be suffered to repose in consecrated ground. Accordingly, Voltaire, on his death-bed, invited the offices of the clergy, and signed voluntarily a declaration that he died in the Catholic religion in which he was born, and, if he had ever given cause of scandal to the Church, asked pardon of God and of her. The clergy demanded a more explicit and more ample retraction, and the aged patient expired without having put his signature to the prescribed document. His Genevan physician Tronchin, who had made way in Paris, like many less skillful innovators, on the strength mainly of his innovations on the old medical practice, must be accepted as a not unfriendly though unsympathetic witness of Voltaire's last moments. The moral temperament of the two men was antipathic. Tronchin

might have stood for the *σώφρων*, Voltaire for the *ἀκόλαστος*, of Plato. But the whole incompatibility between them must not be set down to the charge of Voltaire. It was calm prosaic science contrasted with poetic fire, fancy, and impulse. Tronchin imposed respect on Voltaire — Voltaire by no means equally so on Tronchin. "He is six feet high," wrote the former, "has the skill of Æsculapius, and the form of Apollo." Tronchin, on the other hand, scanned Voltaire with the keen eye of the physician and physiologist, and condensed the expression of his physical, and indeed moral state, in the few following words: — "Bile always irritating, nerves always irritated, have been, are, and will be the perennial sources of all the ills of which he complains." Tronchin, in a letter to Bonnet, compares to a hurricane the terrible excitement of Voltaire's dying moments, and declares that it reminds him of the Furies of Orestes, and that, if anything had been wanting to confirm him in his principles, Voltaire's end would have done it. Tronchin was doubtless right; but his acquaintance, professional and personal, with Voltaire having dated from the first arrival of the latter in Switzerland, he could scarcely have expected composure, resignation, and dignity on his death-bed from one who had displayed those qualities at no crisis of his life previously. That unlucky letter *A* of the French Academy's Dictionary seems to have worked his over-excited brain to the last.

Voltaire's executors had to run a race against the ecclesiastical authorities to obtain for his body the decencies of interment at a distance from Paris. His nephew, Counsellor Mignot, happened to be titular abbot of Scellières, near Troyes, and made pious haste to put Uncle underground, "ere the bishop could bar." Episcopal inhibition followed — the day after the funeral. Thus the old *persifleur's* last trick on the clergy was as complete a success as had been all his other tricks on that order during his long life.

Our readers, who have thus far borne us company in once more reviewing the most prominent passages of Voltaire's strangely chequered career, may perhaps expect that we should not conclude without laying before them some general estimate of his moral and intellectual influence on his age, for good or evil.

"There has been no distinguished man," says Dr. Strauss, "on whose whole personality

it has been more customary to pass judgment in decisive and trenchant terms than Voltaire, and none to whom that treatment has been more inappropriately, we might say senselessly, applied. The same thing, indeed, might be said of such treatment, as applied to any really distinguished person. But amongst such there are, so to speak, monarchical souls, whose rich and manifold endowments, whose impulses and inclinations, all converge towards some one grand all-overruling object of effort. It might be a bald and shallow, but not absolutely absurd way of writing of such men, to deal in general epithets—as noble or ignoble, selfish or self-sacrificing, earnest or frivolous. But Voltaire, in that sense, was no monarchical soul. If, indeed, the effects produced by him were pretty much in one direction, they were, however, the results of the complex play of powers very various, of impulses pure and impure, crossing and jarring with each other as motive forces in his mind. My name is legion, Voltaire's Demon might have said, like that of the Gadarene. In that legion, however, there were good spirits as well as evil. Even of the latter few were exactly fitted to pass into swine, if many into cats or apes.

What more, after all, can be said on a final review of Voltaire's life and writings, than was said long ago in his epigrammatic epitaph — "*Ci-gît l'enfant gâté du monde qu'il gâta ?*" It may, however, be worth while to examine a little more closely in what respects his age spoiled him, and he spoiled his age. A writer, whom we have before had occasion to quote, on the revolutions of his country,* has observed justly : —

When you see these great flaws — which it were puerile to deny — in the French national character, don't forget that France (at the epochs of the Saint Bartholomew and of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes) had torn out her own heart and entrails by exterminating the persons or stifling the convictions of nearly two millions of her best citizens. These are wounds which do not heal for centuries. The infliction of such wounds becomes a habit in our history. The amputation first of one member of the body politic, then of another, is the rule amongst us at every difficult epoch. Beware lest, after every noble part has been successively severed, nothing remains at last to France but an enslaved trunk. She had severe virtues ; the old régime constrained her to become frivolous — to scatter abroad amongst foreigners her best gifts, her most solid faculties. She has retained only half her genius, — *éclat*, brilliancy, mobility. But it is not with this mobile temper any nation can found its liberty.

With this mobile temper, however,

* Quinet, "La Révolution," vol. i. p. 212.

Voltaire was infected by the age in which his impressible youth was passed. The *roués* of the Regency had in that age succeeded the real or pretended bigots of the last years of the Grand Monarque. The dominant Church had silenced or exterminated the *religious* dissidents who had invaded (very wholesomely to herself) her monopoly of Christian teaching. The angel that troubled the waters was put to flight, and the Bethesda of orthodoxy stagnated. But out of the stagnation sprang new and venomous swarms of *irreligious* dissidents, whom the Church had left quite out of her reckoning. All that can be said of Voltaire is, that he condensed and concentrated the *irreligious* ideas, which were bubbling up on all sides at the opening of the eighteenth century, into succinct and sparkling forms of expression, which had never before been equalled, and have never since been surpassed. As for his moral character, that also, it must be confessed, partook of the general laxity which dates more especially from the Orleans Regency. Then was the grand *débâcle* of all that had preserved public respect for the titularly and ostensibly leading classes in France — of all that had preserved respect in those classes for the moral bonds which hold society together. The world of rank and fashion framed for its own use a practical philosophy, which Voltaire rationalized and idealized for it in prose and verse. He became, as it were, the spiritual director-general of fashionable Irreligion, as his youthful teachers, the Jesuits, had been of fashionable Religion in the preceding century.

But the irreligion of the age got beyond Voltaire. Horace Walpole wrote from Paris to Mr. Brand in 1765 : —

I assure you, you may come hither very safely, and be in no danger from mirth. Laughing is as much out of fashion as pantins and bilboquets. Good folks, they have no time to laugh. There is God and the king to be pulled down first : and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition. They think me quite profane for having any belief left.

The same lively writer mentions an atheistic philosopher in petticoats, who exclaimed of Voltaire — "*Ne me parlez pas de ce bigot-là ; il est Dêiste !*"

The conceit of philosophical *honnêtes gens* in France, during the eighteenth century — till the crash came — was that they could have their irreligion all to themselves, leaving a safe residue of su-

perstition to the *canaille*. Thus Voltaire writes to D'Alembert:—

La raison triomphera, au moins chez les honnêtes gens; la canaille n'est pas faite pour elle.

Again,—

Il ne s'agit pas d'empêcher nos laquais d'aller à la messe ou au prêché.

In another place,—

Je pardonne tout, pourvu que l'infâme superstition soit décriée comme il faut chez les honnêtes gens, et qu'elle soit abandonnée aux laquais et aux servantes, comme de raison.

Even after the first growls of revolutionary thunder were audible, in June, 1789, we find the following entry of the Diary kept during his first visit to France by that shrewd American observer, Gouverneur Morris:—

June 11, 1789.

This morning I go to Reinsi. Arrive at eleven. Nobody yet visible. After some time the Duchess (of Orleans) appears, and tells me that she has given Madame de Chastellux notice of my arrival. Near twelve before the breakfast is paraded, but as I had eaten mine before my departure, this has no present inconvenience. After breakfast we go to mass in the chapel. In the tribune above we have a bishop, an abbé, the duchess, her maids, and some of her friends. Madame de Chastellux is below on her knees. We are amused above by a number of little tricks played off by M. de Ségur and M. de Corbières with a candle, which is put into the pockets of different gentlemen, *the bishop's among the rest*, and lighted, while they are otherwise engaged (for there is a fire in the tribune), to the great merriment of the spectators. Immoderate laughter is the consequence. The Duchess preserves as much gravity as she can. *This scene must be very edifying to the domestics, who are opposite to us, and the villagers, who worship below.**

"Ah, Monsieur!" said a Parisian hair-dresser, about the same epoch—(resolved not to lag behind the *honnêtes gens* whom he curled and powdered, at least in the article of atheistic enlightenment)—"Ah, Monsieur, je ne suis qu'un pauvre misérable perruquier, mais (proudly) *je ne crois pas en Dieu plus qu'un autre!*"

Twice in the eighteenth century France imported—first from England, afterwards from a new England—systems of philosophy and politics which, borrowed as they both were, inspired her with the conceit that it was hers alone to regenerate the whole world of thought and ac-

tion in all countries, and for all ages. England and America, first through the medium of Voltaire, next of Lafayette and his fellow-comrades of Washington, set France on fire with doctrines, which had left comparatively cool the lands where they were first conceived and promulgated. Locke and Newton never made the figure at home of incendiary innovators; Bolingbroke, admired as a speaker, never set the Thames on fire as a philosopher. Washington and Franklin were the most sober-minded of men whom events ever roused into revolutionists. France showed no originality but that of extravagance in her mode of appropriating theories of Mind, and Rights of Man, which, in the lands of their origin, turned no one's brains, whether of their teachers or learners. Now how came this? May we not be warranted in saying that the main cause of the difference was that England old and new possessed, and France had lost, an un mutilated and independent middle class?

Where such a class has made its opinion respected in society, and its power felt in politics, it is impossible that the grave realities of life, with which it is constantly in contact, should come to be treated with that reckless levity and frivolity which marked the age of Voltaire. And it is not too much to say that in a moral and social atmosphere more bracing Voltaire himself would have been quite a different man. That we do not speak without book is sufficiently proved by the zeal, energy, and ability with which he threw himself into any the smallest opening which presented itself for action, whether in benevolent interest for oppressed individuals, or in public affairs. We have cited the cases of the Calas, Sirvens, La Barre, and D'Etalonde. And if it be said that Voltaire's anti-christian zealotry alloyed the merit of his Christian charity in those cases, this cannot be said of his earnest and disinterested efforts to save Admiral Byng. That unfortunate commander, we scarcely need remind our readers, was judicially sacrificed to political faction and national pride, which could not brook a single instance of French naval triumph over England, and would have imposed on Byng the Spartan alternative of destruction or victory. He had shrunk from that alternative, not, it may fairly be supposed, from want of courage; and Voltaire obtained and transmitted to Byng, in aid of his defence, the most distinct testimony from Marshal Riche-

* "Life of Gouverneur Morris," by Jared Sparks, vol. i. p. 312.

lieu, "the hero of Port-Mahon," that by acting otherwise his antagonist would have uselessly sacrificed his ships and crews. All was in vain; a court-martial capitally convicted Byng of not having done all he might have done to achieve victory. And on such a sentence, passed on such grounds, he was condemned to be shot, as Voltaire bitterly expressed it in "Candide," "*pour encourager les autres.*"

Voltaire gave proof of political sagacity and patriotic feeling, which might have made him an important public man in a free country by his persistent efforts to move that equally sagacious old profligate Cardinal Tencin (with whom he had become reconciled by that strongest of earthly motives, *idem sentire de republica*) to induce the government of Louis XV., or rather of Madame de Pompadour, to entertain the overtures of peace made by Frederick II., at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, when his destruction by the combined arms of Austria, France, and Russia, appeared all but inevitable. The question arose for France, as Voltaire pointedly put it (certainly without any personal tenderness for his old patron-persecutor), why she should aid Austria to destroy an enemy whose destruction must draw after it that of the whole pre-existing balance of power in Central Europe. Frederick, it was said, had his capsule of corrosive sublimate ready in the last resort. Voltaire seriously and strenuously dissuaded him from the suicide he was avowedly meditating; but the imbecility of Soubise and the victory of Rosbach proved more effectual antidotes against despair. Voltaire and Tencin, in their well-meant and well-motivated pleadings for peace on the eve of defeat and the brink of bankruptcy, were contending fruitlessly with Petti-coat the Second, who then ruled supreme in France. Frederick had repulsed the advances and ignored the sovereignty of Pompadour: Maria Theresa, with more policy, if at some sacrifice of imperial-queenly dignity, condescended to messages of friendship and esteem for that royal mistress. All the foresight of Voltaire and all the experienced tact of Tencin found themselves unequally matched against the petty spites of the seraglio. Frederick was unlucky with women—always excepting his devoted sister, and natural and constant ally, Voltaire's not less constant friend, Wilhelmine—or rather his wayward misogynic temper never would allow him to learn

how to deal with them. He was as nearly as possible precipitated from his throne and driven to his dose of corrosive sublimate, by the conspiring exasperation of Maria Theresa and the Marquise de Pompadour. The imbecile arms of France were the saving of Prussia at Rosbach and Crefeld. But Austria and France might have been saved their hour of humiliation by the wit of Voltaire.

Voltaire reigned paramount in French literature and philosophy for nearly half a century; his reign opening, it may be said, at his return in 1729 from his three years' exile in England, and closing with his life, "stified with roses" by the Parisian public in 1778. The influence which he exercised during this long period is well described by Dr. Strauss:—

Voltaire's historical significance has been illustrated by the observation of Goethe that, as in families whose existence has been of long duration, Nature sometimes at length produces an individual who sums up in himself the collective qualities of all his ancestors, so it happens also with nations, whose collective merits (and demerits) sometimes appear epitomized in one individual person. Thus in Louis XIV. stood forth the highest figure of a French monarch. Thus, in Voltaire, the highest conceivable and congenial representative of French authorship. We may extend the observation farther, if, instead of the French nation only, we take into view the whole European generation on which Voltaire's influence was exercised. From this point of view we may call Voltaire emphatically the representative writer of the eighteenth century, as Goethe called him, in the highest sense, the representative writer of France. The two characters coincide very well together, as will be seen if we trace back the respective shares taken by the several civilized European nations in the achievements of the last three centuries. The great work of the sixteenth century—the Reformation—was principally performed by the Germans. In the transition period of the seventeenth, while Germany was tearing herself to pieces in intestine strife, Holland and England were laying the foundations of modern politics and philosophy. At the beginning of the eighteenth, refugees from England, like Lord Bolingbroke, and French visitors of England, like Montesquieu and Voltaire, communicated from that country to the continent the first sparks of that new light which soon afterwards, especially by Voltaire's exertions, burst from France on the world, as the day-star of that century of universal enlightenment. If the French—the Parisians especially—were the chosen people of this new dispensation of Reason, Voltaire was incontestably its high-priest.

To win and keep a position of such eminence—of such predominance over a whole age—not only intellectual gifts and favourable external circumstances were requisite, but

also and especially there was requisite *length of life*. Neither Louis XIV. in France, nor Frederick the Great in Germany, would have been in a position to set their stamp each on his own age, had the former died at the epoch of the peace of Nimeguen, or the latter at Kollin or Hochkirch. As little could Goethe have been recognized as the Prince of German poets, had he been summoned from life just after the production of "Goetz" and "Werther"—had he not, in his own person, during three generations, lived through the youth, maturity, and old age of German poetry. Voltaire was an after-birth of the classical period of French poetry; but he himself opened the era of enlightenment-literature in the eighteenth century, and shared in all its conquests till they culminated and closed on the opening of the French Revolution era. The latter years of Louis XIV. were those of Voltaire's childhood and early youth; his first years of manhood were spent under the regency of Philip of Orleans; his maturity and decline extended over the long reign of Louis XV.; and he hailed, as an octogenarian, the dawn of Louis XVI., which promised a brighter day. As a river carries down with it from the mountains and plains through which it flows contributions from every soil and culture to the end of its course, so traces might be recognized through life in Voltaire of the impressions received by him in the different periods, especially the earlier, of his chequered career.

From The Sunday Magazine.
SUKIE'S BOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HUGUENOT FAMILY," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

MOTHERLESS.

FOR a few months after Kitty Cope became Kitty Mayne, it did seem as if Sukie's troublesome suspicions of Will Mayne and his motives, had been without foundation, and that she had been guilty of that fearfulness and unbelief of which she had accused herself. So far from being sorry to find herself in the wrong, Sukie could not rejoice enough. Whatever had actuated Will Mayne in his pursuit of Kitty—whether what was pretentious and aspiring in the man himself had been really caught by an undoubted refinement in Kitty, to the influence of which young Miles was impervious; whether Will Mayne had married with a hope of old Miles Cope, the most unworldly of men, having laid up money, while yet he was content to make the best of an erroneous calculation; whether the sincere love of a woman guileless and

good in the main, and a careful, judicious manager of his means, did for a time, while its power was fresh and novel, act with a restraining, even elevating effect on a fickle, false-natured husband—it was true that in the early days of Kitty's married life she announced to the entranced Sukie, that she had little else left to wish for, that she had married not a mere man but an angel.

Such statements, and the sight of Kitty receiving her and a selection from their neighbours in all the dignity of a house of her own—though it was but a furnished lodging, kept up on no higher or more secure wages than those of a journeyman house-painter—more than reconciled Sukie to the grievous blank in the watchmaker's house, and to the worse gap in her life which she would be compelled to face when Will Mayne sought in a larger town than Cranthorpe the elbow-room which he was forever asking, but which he could not get in Cranthorpe, because of the jealousies of foremen, and of natives of the place.

Kitty would adorn a larger town and that higher sphere into which Will Mayne might lead her; and Sukie at a humble distance would hear of Kitty's exaltation and rejoice in it.

Of Miles and his wife Sukie saw no more, and heard little or nothing. Even in Cranthorpe there were not only nice gradations of rank, but entirely different sets in all ranks. Miles had resented the manner in which his family had taken his marriage more bitterly than strict justice warranted. He did not come back to his father's house, or bring his wife there. Sukie, who was far too much occupied to go almost anywhere except to Kitty's, met neither Miles nor Sal in any other quarter except by casual encounters, which all concerned could easily prevent from becoming closer or more particular.

The entire estrangement was rather a result of circumstances, and of the natures concerned in the circumstances, than of a deliberate intention on Sukie's part to have nothing more to do with Miles. Indeed, however it might affect old Miles in the ice-bound seclusion of his muddled ambition and reticence, or Kitty in the expanding glory of her lately-fledged matronly honours, it wounded Sukie's tender heart many a time to think that she was cut off from a brother,—an only brother, a younger brother,—whom she had made much of, and regarded as one of the lights of the house,

when he was a merry, winning child, and who with his wife lived in the same town with her and the rest of her family. She treasured secretly such scraps of news as reached her of Miles and his wife, without any clear idea as to a resumption of intercourse which might be passively resisted by her father, and actively opposed by Kitty.

Sukie did take comfort from the reflection that Sal, left alone by the departure of her Bohemian family, must keep house with tolerable steadiness in such a poor lodging as a flighty worker like Miles could maintain, to be so little seen or heard of in a gossiping little place like Cranthorpe.

Notwithstanding, when Sukie did come across Sal in a soiled light gown and flying faded ribbons, or crushed artificial flowers in a battered bonnet, or with tangled curls only covered by a torn net, Sal no longer glanced at Sukie with a shy beseeching glance as on her marriage morning, but gave her head an ostentatious toss, while she passed on the other side of the pavement.

With a few months there came a change over Sukie's horizon, which caused her to forget her brother and sister-in-law. It was like a vague, intangible shadow at first, this change, which might be but the reflection of something in the outer world, and might steal away as imperceptibly as it had crept on.

But all was no longer triumphantly well with Kitty. She made not the smallest complaint of Will Mayne, but she began to find fault with many little things with which she had been perfectly pleased, nay, elated and enchanted at first. The lodgings in a suburb of the town called the River End, which Kitty as well as Sukie had thought delightfully rural, with its meadows by the little river, and its orchards and thorn trees, were now declared too far out of the way of shops, and pronounced dull in the lengthening nights of autumn. The dimity hangings of the bed and covers of the chairs were dirty, and the landlady would not have them cleaned that season. The neighbours were either intrusive or neglectful. Withal, there was no talk of removal to more convenient lodgings, far less of that exodus to a larger town with employment and wages worthier his ability and attainments, which Will Mayne had confidently predicted at the time of the marriage.

Sukie began to see as little of Will Mayne as of her brother Miles, so that

the acquaintance between Mayne and Sukie which had taken a forced start and progressed a little after they became kindred, threatened to die a natural death. Will Mayne had gradually ceased to come with his wife to the watchmaker's, where old Miles did not remark upon his son-in-law's absence any more than he had seemed to miss his son's presence. It was all "father's" superiority, Sukie told herself; but in truth there was a dreariness in the stoicism. Sukie took advantage of every odd moment within lawful hours to run over and just have a look at Kitty, and a word with her; but it was only Kitty she found. The time had passed when Sukie intruded on husband and wife, or discovered the head of the house of an evening at home.

Kitty took some pains to explain to her sister that Will was spending his "after hours" in studying varieties of a difficult frieze which, kept-down journeyman though he was, he had got an order to paint; that he belonged to several improving clubs and societies which he was forced to attend; that the health of a painter, often impaired by the fumes of paint and varnish, and by the necessity of looking upwards for hours at a stretch, required long walks in which Kitty was not able or disposed to join him.

Sukie accepted all the explanations without a demur, and tried hard to swallow them also without a demur. It might be as Kitty said, and Kitty's spirits might be affected by the state of her health, which was beginning to engross the sisters anew, and to open up before them visions of further distinction and happiness. There might be a little *désillusion*. Sukie did not call it by that fine foreign name, but, simple woman though she was, she had heard of honeymoons and of their inevitable brevity even with the most attached couples and in the most prosperous unions.

Still the old weight, which had been partly lifted off, fell back on Sukie's heart whenever she ventured to look forward to the end of Kitty's marriage. She had no right to look forward, Sukie told herself in affright, even if she had known anything, while she knew nothing. The disposal of events was in His hand. He would not suffer Kitty to be wronged utterly and irreparably. If hard lines were before her, which Sukie could not bear to contemplate and could not prevent, nevertheless He who never failed those who trusted in Him, would draw Kitty out of the deep pit and the miry clay.

One precaution Sukie could and did take. When Kitty married she gave up her occupation of straw bonnet cleaning, and to such a degree was the old industry dying out before the production of cheaper straws than those of Tuscany and Dunstable, which would not stand being cleaned, that no successor had appeared to undertake the business. There were still some old-fashioned customers and people of small means, however, who missed the opportunity of getting the old made up to look like new at a moderate price. To satisfy these good people, Sukie had consented, with many misgivings, to conduct the re-modelling as well as cleaning operation for a time, till another straw-bonnet cleaner should appear, or till the old customers had tired like the rest of the world of "made-up straw bonnets." Sukie had promised to do her best, qualifying the promise with an urgent request for forbearance, on the plea that she could not be expected to have the skill and taste of Mrs. Mayne; for out of sisterly pride, Sukie was fond of giving Kitty her matronly title.

But though Sukie was relieved by being able to please the customers much better than she had hoped to do, she had no mind to continue the business. She was her father's assistant in watchmaking as well as his sole housekeeper, and she could not keep on the straw-cleaning and making-up unaided, without heavy drudgery and working into the small hours, which her father neither forbade nor commented upon; but which Sukie had the sense to comprehend was a risk to her health, for which there was no occasion, since old Miles's earnings, moderate as they were, were enough for the modest wants of the two.

But when Sukie saw her sister's married home begin to lose its gloss, with no prospect of the gloss being restored, and when she was forced to detect lines of care which neither she nor Kitty confessed to, commencing to mar the harmony of the pale regular-featured face, Sukie said nothing, only instead of bringing the straw bonnet cleaning to a summary conclusion, she grasped what was left of the business and toiled at it with all her might.

The winter which followed saw Sukie so incessantly in the harness and so overworked that she had not space to make any more observations, which was perhaps better, she owned, with meek, homely wisdom.

Spring had come again, and on a bleak March evening she sat sewing together

her straw plaits, glad to draw near the fire beside her father dozing over a book: he was a great reader, reading slowly, and not minding particularly what books he read or how often he read them. His book on this occasion was an old treatise on fortification.

A knock sounded at the door, and on Sukie's opening it, young Miles stood there, and without a word entered the house as freely as if he had quitted it yesterday. The next thing he did, while his father was pushing his spectacles up on his brow and remarking, without the slightest suspicion of a double meaning, "It bodes tempesty weather, Miles," was to order Sukie authoritatively to come with him to his wife.

"Sal is took bad; she has been in but a poor way for weeks past, as you would have seen if you had come near her; but it is too late to speak of that. Be quick and get ready, Sukie," he said, in a fever of haste and irritation.

"But it is getting late, Miles," objected Sukie, not yet recovered from the surprise of seeing him, and being a woman slow and deliberate in her movements at all times. "I cannot leave father at this hour. I have had no thought of leaving father, of a night especially, not even for Kitty."

Miles uttered an indignant desperate exclamation.

"Will you single women never be put off your jog trot? My father is in his usual health. I tell you poor Sal is at her last gasp, or near it, with nobody save me, who have been no great friend to her, to do anything for her. Molly Jones, next door, has looked after her a bit lately; but Molly herself has been laid up with rheumatism for the last two days, so that unless you mean to preserve your pitiful pride, and continue to cut it high and dry, till my girl has died like a dog, and yet call yourself a religious woman with a heart in your breast, you'll come along with me instantly. I have waited here too long already for what may have happened in my absence."

Sukie was mechanically tying on her bonnet and pinning on her shawl with trembling fingers. There was no answer save one to such an appeal.

In the meantime old Miles, who had never happened to see his son's wife since the wedding morning, a year before, and who had not noticed her as a girl previously, reverted to the single impression made upon him, with himself figuring prominently in the scene.

"I paid my duty, sir, to your wife," he said reprovingly, in answer to Miles's angry complaints, "a blowsy young woman."

"There is little blowsiness left in her now," cried Miles; "let us be off, Sukie."

On the way, as he hurried Sukie along, he entered into some particulars of his wife's condition, and what had led to it, while he ceased to reproach Sukie for her avoidance, turning all his bitterest reproaches against himself for his thoughtless neglect of the girl whom he had married on the impulse of a moment, and left, for the most part, to shift for herself.

Sukie could gather that the couple had never been very well off, though they had got along by dint of contracting a good deal of debt, for some time. When their credit failed, their absolute misery began. Miles had kept as much out of it as he could, staying away from his lodging, and still wasting a considerable portion of the little money which he had earned with his unmarried, free-living associates. He had played at bowls and skittles far and near, and even kept a betting book on his games. He had attended fairs and races, and sung glees, and acted in a company of amateur actors, for whom he and Will Mayne (Sukie started at the name) had been the scene painters. And Sal had been left at home in her girlish years and in fast fading health to face alone the gathering poverty and gloom till the wolf was at the door.

Miles declared that, brought up as Sal had been among household straits, she had not only submitted to them as to an inevitable necessity, without useless rows, but had made fitful endeavours to get him to stay with her and save his pocket-money.

At last Sal's health, ill-supported by nourishment, had given way altogether.

"But I hope Sal will pull through yet, for I have not been good to her, Sukie," Miles confessed with haggard despondency.

Sukie had some experience of old of these violent self-accusations on Miles's part. They belonged to his quick, facile nature, and their poignancy had been wont to be as fleeting as his good resolutions.

Sukie knew that her brother had had to change his first lodging, taken on his marriage, for a poorer lodging; but in fact there was no great choice of lodgings, either for working people or for the higher classes, in Cranthorpe. The great

mass of the population who were able to form independent households, had houses, however small, of their own, with their own furniture. As there was no very splendid lodging in Cranthorpe, so there was none absolutely squalid, and that of the old mangle-woman, in one of the lanes, which Miles and Sal occupied, would have been regarded as fairly comfortable by many a well-enough-to-do working man's family in a great city.

But the contrast of the dark dirty lane, the small house, the steep, crooked, unwashed, common stair, with the comparative spaciousness, airiness, and scrupulous privacy and cleanliness of the watchmaker's house, in the main street, or even with Kitty's lodging, beginning to be undervalued, but very different, at River End, struck Sukie painfully.

And when she crossed the threshold she fairly halted, in dismay, before the naked bareness of the poor lodging, to cover which no substitute had been found. The bed and chairs of plain deal, Miles's chest (Sal had never possessed even that humble sign of worldly substance), and a couple of shelves with the scantiest array of crockery, and pots, and pans, formed the whole furniture. There was no white curtain at the window, no print on the walls, no smelling bottle, or card rack, or calendar on the mantel-piece, no flimsily pretty woman's work-basket standing anywhere in the way. An empty bird's-cage, and a flower-pot, containing a stick-dead geranium, formed the sole adjuncts. The forlorn bareness was indefinitely heightened by the rust on the small grate with its badly burning fire, the undisturbed dust lying white, like penitential ashes, on chair and shelf, the well-grown cobwebs in the corners, the slops of several meals, as well as the relics of Miles's supper, his emptied jug of beer and his plate, with fragments of bread-crust and fat in the middle of bottles and cups with medicine on the single table.

There might have been far more abject want, but there could hardly have been more comfortless wretchedness, against which there had been no one to struggle, since Sal, an ignorant slatternly doll of a wife at best, had taken to bed. Miles, when he was within doors, was one of those unhandy men who cannot even help themselves, and find themselves lost in such circumstances. As for old Molly, who had looked after Miles's wife a bit in her sickness, she had found that job quite sufficient in addition to her own proper business, without adding to it the

probably thankless office of tidying the room of the incapable, hand-to-mouth young couple, even before Molly had been herself set aside from work.

On the bed at one side of the room, where the roof sloped down till it threatened to come in contact with a sleeper's face, lay Sal Cope. The round-faced, red-cheeked girl who had run wild, and who had walked arm in arm with her idle companions following bands of music, and dancing monkeys, and punch's shows, on the long afternoons and evenings in the streets of Cranthorpe, and gone nutting and blackberry-hunting in the neighbouring lanes with Miles Cope, who had cast a softened longing glance at Sukie on her wedding morning, and tossed her head afterwards when Sukie passed her in her short-lived, shabby finery—lay still enough now. She was wasted almost to skin and bone, what flesh was left on her was transparent and bloodless as wax, and her eyes were half closed. To Miles's address, delivered with a swagger to carry off his agitation—"Here, Sal, I have brought Sukie to take care of you: I expect she will soon put you to rights"—she said, in a weak thin voice, "So, Miss Sukie, you have come at last. Oh, I am so weary," and then turned away her head and closed her eyes entirely.

"Ay, you have not come before the pinch, Miss Cope," said Molly, whose inquisitive long nose and chin Sukie knew perfectly well, and who had constrained herself to rise and hobble from the next room in order to put in her word and see what went on between the lately estranged relations, that it might be an ill wind which blew nobody good, and that she might get the materials for a good gossip out of it. "It's about touch-and-go with your sister-in-law, poor wench, if I have skill that should have," added the old woman, coolly.

"That is fudge, Mrs. Jones," cried Miles angrily. "How you do croak! Don't she, Sal? Won't you laugh at her when you are all alive and hearty again—such a pretty strapping girl as you were not so many months ago, and when you are ready to take me in hand and break me in after all, once the baby has come home."

"She never were a strapper," contradicted Molly in a huff; "she were slim and good-for-nothing like her mother, though she were fond of her play like other foolish young things so long as she could get it; she wore herself out from

the beginning, and I told she what would be the end of it so soon as she fell in this way—which is not to say that you ha'n't taken a fatherless care of her," the old woman finished spitefully.

The dispute that concerned Sal so nearly did not rouse her in the least. She paid no heed to either speaker. "Oh, I am so weary!" was all that the parched lips would let drop, and Sukie heard nothing but the same helpless wail for several days and nights.

She had been taken aback by Miles's statement to his wife that Sukie was come to take care of her, but the very extremity of the case opened Sukie's mind and extended its horizon. No, it was not fit that Miles's wife, this poor young creature, bereft of her own family, should die like a dog, and Kitty would be the last to desire such a catastrophe. Sukie sat up with Sal all night, and during the unthought-of anxiety of the night-watch, arranged on her own responsibility how her father's temporary wants might be supplied without trespassing on Kitty's present incapacity to take her place.

When Sukie went home in the morning to put her plan into execution, she discovered to her relief, though it might have been a little to her chagrin, that her father in place of finding fault with her deserting him for a week and confiding his meals to the care of an old woman, was, on the contrary, indignant at the mere supposition that he could not be the best company to himself and was not quite independent of such poor creatures as womenkind.

"I am an old campaigner, Sukie," announced old Miles boldly, though his campaigns had begun and ended at Cranthorpe. "Bless you, I don't need no looking after—I'm an omnivorous animal—me and the birds will manage bravely."

Sukie went back to Miles's poor lodgings to do the best that she could for Sal while they had her. For the time Sukie was fully backed by her brother, who having arrived at being thoroughly alarmed, and full of regret and remorse for the evil that could not be undone, came home the first thing every night and loaded with attentions the dying woman, whom attentions had ceased to benefit or gladden.

Sal's ailments had culminated in deadly prostration, with little capacity to take stimulant or nourishment. When the doctor warned Sukie of the hopelessness of the condition, a new care beset her.

"Was Sal aware of her state? Was she prepared to die? Could it be the act of Christians and friends to let her approach the very gates of death sunk in apathy?"

"Oh, Miles, will you not have Mr. Waring" (Sukie mentioned her own vicar) "to see your wife?"

Miles became restive. It was "fudge" again to have in a parson. What could he do save frighten poor Sal? If she must be preached to, he was sure Sukie, who had been such a church-goer and reader of the Bible all her life, was as fit as another.

Sukie recoiled from the idea of such fitness, and Miles gave in so far as to consent to sending for the clergyman, with the stipulation that he should be absent.

The vicar, who had married Sal to Miles, and who remembered her as a badly-attending, unsatisfactory little Sunday-schooler, came, and was humanely shocked at the change in her circumstances. He read and prayed, and went away without appearing to break Sal's torpor, though she was not unconscious or unaware of his presence.

There was a strange solemn lull in the chamber which was to be at once that of birth and death—Miles could hardly bear it, and even to Sukie it was most trying. But the birth of a child—a living child, not immediately fatal to the mother—did serve to awaken Sal for a moment as she was sinking so tired into her long last sleep. She did not respond to Miles's wild appeal that she should look up and be proud of being the mother of a son, and think and see whom it was like. But she said feebly, "You take care of it, Sukie, for what can a man do with a baby? and you know Miles is not good of taking care of himself."

A little later when the two women were by themselves, Sal suddenly raised her dim eyes to Sukie and said—

"I am glad that you came at last; if you had refused, and you a good woman, how could I have believed that what I used to hear at the Sunday-school—of the Lord Jesus, I mean—was true?"

"Oh Sal, how could you have doubted it? How can you make such a comparison?" cried Sukie, unutterably shocked.

"No, rather how should I know any better?" Sal said, making a final effort to defend herself; "my people were not like Miles's people,—they were what you thought ill-doing, careless, and ignorant, but I loved them—mother especially, all the better because she was easy and fool-

ish like myself, and I missed them when I had nobody but Miles. He was not to say bad to me, though he brought me in very little, and I could not turn my hand to earn money, I had not been brought up to help myself like you and Mrs. Mayne. Miles was never savage as I have seen father when in drink to mother, but he was a man, and of course he soon tired of being with a girl like me."

Sal spoke as of a necessity, with a sad unconscious irony. There was no resentment either then or afterwards in her tone—not even passionate feeling for herself, her child, or Miles—it was as if passion too were exhausted.

"I did try to be not so bad a wife as everybody had prophesied, and you and your sister more than anybody I know, had judged I should make," said Sal. "Yes, I tried, though you just gave me a troubled look and then turned away your head, in the church porch, on that morning long ago, and though I went on wearing curls and looking saucy whenever I had the chance of meeting you. And when I thought baby was coming, I meant, though we should have ever so little to put into its mouth, that it should never know want, or grow up like I had done, for I would work and be staid and good and never be a bad mother. But my life has all fallen through, Sukie; do you think I'll be let try over again?"

Sukie was puzzled and distressed. Did Sal believe that she was to recover after all, and how was Sukie to be cruelly kind and overthrow the baseless belief? But Sal, in her momentary brightening, divined and cleared away the misconception.

"Try again in another place, Sukie, I am so spent I could never get up and do it here. I daresay, even if I had not been too ill to get better, I should never have been strong again like poor mother, and should have been a drag upon Miles, and a trial to him as a sickly wife is to a man—I know it finished father; he could never look for comfort at home, and so he took to seeking all his pleasure abroad. It would need a strong man, and Miles is not stronger than father, to bear such a burden. It must be better that I should die at once, and not hang on to be only in folks' way. I don't feel to fear going out into the dark alone, as I used to think I should fear; everything is dulled—fear as well as pain—and I have a hope that the Lord, who had pity on sinners and died for them, and who liked people to try to do better, will let me try again."

Sal's life had been so short that even in its pitiable and utter collapse, it was not so much rest that she craved, as the power to try again.

Sukie sought to tell the glorious marvel, that even Sal's hardly begun work had been done and finished for her hundreds and hundreds of years before, if Sal could by God's grace repent and believe, and lay hold of her Saviour, and that there could be no need, therefore, in that sense for her to try again in another world.

Sal listened and assented, and said that she knew she could not save herself, were she to do ever so well. How could she think to save herself when she had found it too hard to prevent herself from being a millstone round Miles's neck, instead of helping him a bit, like other women helped their husbands? She humbly hoped that a Saviour was for such as she, since she was dead beat, and oh! so weary, and just like a lost sheep. And she was very sorry, though she felt so heavy and stupid, it was the sorrow that made her wish to try over again, Sal repeated dreamily, and dozed off into a sounder slumber, speaking no more in this world.

Sukie commended Sal fervently to her Saviour, and closed her eyes when her last breath was drawn.

Miles was completely unmanned by his wife's death, and sat with his head in his hands, and his hands on the table, proving as incapable of supporting Sukie by suggestion and advice under the blow which had struck him, as he had been arrogant and headstrong in going his own way when things were well with him.

Sukie, who, while a mainstay, had always been in the background in her father's house, was compelled to decide for Miles and his infant, as well as for herself, and came to the conclusion that the only thing which she could do, after inducing Miles to make the arrangements for the funeral, becoming bound for the defraying of its expenses by her father, if not by her brother, and waiting to give her decent countenance to the sad ceremony, was to give up the lodging and get Miles to go back with her to his old home, to which she would take the baby also.

How Sukie was to dispose of the baby eventually — whether Miles, so little to be relied upon in any difficulty, would do his part by it, what new disturbing element would be introduced by it into her already sufficiently tasked and ab-

sorbed life, and with Kitty claiming her help too — Sukie did not stop to ask herself. And it did not plague Sukie much as yet; it lay where it was put down, or let itself be fed by the hand as skilfully as an awkward elderly single woman who had long outgrown her acquaintance with babies could feed it, without much remonstrance, whilst its occasional crying was not overpowering.

Still Sukie dreaded that her father would make serious objections to the baby and its crying, as interfering with the quiet of his household. She could not feel too much the condescension and magnanimity with which — when he had greeted her return with a degree of animation that while in itself very touching and flattering to her, was decidedly suspicious of the old man's success in his practice of independent campaigning — he actually looked at the living bundle in Sukie's arms, touched its tiny cheek with one of his withered fingers, and with lofty graciousness, granted her permission to retain the burden which had been thrown upon her; "for you women, Sukie, will always disport yourself with some toy or other;" as if Sukie had taken the child for a sport, or had leisure, not to say inclination, to amuse herself with a toy!

On the contrary, it felt the oddest, most incredible thing for a woman like Sukie to have a child given to her, which but for Miles (and he was not of much account as a helper) belonged solely to her. She had not been aware till then that she had any special attachment to children; she had cared so much for her father and Kitty, that she had certainly no vacant room for other ties, and children had not come across her. But here was a child given to her as a child was given to Naomi in her old age, and Sukie did not know what to make of the thrill which the conviction sent through her, while she was only saying to herself in the most matter-of-fact way, that she must do what she could, small as that was, for the poor motherless child. It was not the child's fault that its father and mother had gone together without making any provision for it; and perhaps Sukie herself might have done something more and sooner for the poor dead girl, Sal, though she could not tell how or where she could have done it.

On all these occurrences Kitty had pronounced no interdict, not only because she was withdrawn from the trouble, but because it would have been impossible for any good woman to have forbidden

the adoption of the child. Kitty, with all her caprices, could not, any more than Sukie, have been guilty of heartless indifference in leaving the child in a lodging with Miles; but must have carried it to the watchmaker's house, where its father had been the last baby. It was one thing to propose to take no notice of Miles and Sal in their foolish marriage, and another to abandon their child to Molly Jones.

Yet it was an altogether bewildering and, for the time, painful experience to both women, that, when Sukie stood by her sister in her hour of danger, and saw and handled with fond reverence Kitty's baby—also a boy—it should have so happened that Sukie had another baby in her mind and on her thoughts, whom she had even had to bring with her to Kitty's lodging, and whose claims were paramount with her.

CHAPTER IV.

WORSE THAN FATHERLESS.

SUKIE saw Will Mayne for the first time for months just after the birth of Kitty's baby. Will was on that occasion jauntily affable and condescending, not only confidently declaring that Kitty would soon be about again, but that she must make haste, for he was going to move her and the kid into better quarters, either in Cranthorpe or elsewhere, in no time. Mr. Bridges was a curmudgeon, but Will had heard of a fine job for which a higher class of hands were wanted, at a great gentleman's place down Gloucester way. Then he made a break in his vaunting announcements to put a passing inquiry to Sukie after "that poor little beggar, Miles's child."

Since Kitty recovered well, and was soon herself again, and as Sukie was much pressed in her various avocations of watchmaker's assistant, straw-bonnet cleaner, housekeeper, and nurse, she had but the briefest glimpses of Kitty; while she was thankful in her unselfish heart that Kitty, occupied with her new tie, would not miss her much for several weeks.

At the end of the month Sukie became anxious to consult Kitty on an important point—the christening of the two infants.

It might have seemed more natural to consult Miles in the one case, but Sukie, though living in the same house, saw little or nothing of Miles, less even than she had seen of him when he was a bachelor. She had not only hoped and

prayed, but had yielded to the innocent belief that Miles as a widower would be a new man, that out of his wife's death would come a higher life to him; so that Sukie should thenceforth cherish Sal's memory with awe and tenderness, because by her early death the girl would have wrought Miles lasting gain. The result did not answer to Sukie's expectation. Miles's regret and remorse were not repentance. They were fugitive, and while they lasted they took the form of sullenness and impatience, which caused him to be peculiarly inaccessible and intractable, and to be inclined to escape from the sight, sound, and obligation involved in his baby, not less but more than from any other obligation.

Sukie's many virtues did not include that of tact in advocating the baby's interests, and she had not the knowledge of human nature which might have comforted her with the suggestion that Miles's disagreeableness and harshness might really be a phase and stage in amendment. She could only sigh and groan and strive to have faith before the spectacle of what she regarded as Miles's loss of feeling in the hardening of his nature.

But Miles's poor little baby was even more Sukie's because its father did not care for it. It had lived long enough to have acquired a certain individuality. It even throve tolerably well in the unpropitious atmosphere of a spinster's nursing. It was not a pretty baby—not nearly so fine a baby as Kitty's. It was but a sallow skinny little thing. It had no advantage of dress and surroundings; for the only clothes which its mother had been able to provide for it had been of the poorest and plainest description. Sukie, who had contrived to embroider one robe for Kitty's baby, was not able to supplement the wardrobe of her own. But she began to find in her baby a hundred beauties undetected by less partial gazers. It had bright little eyes, and a bud of a mouth, and dear little hands and feet. It winked and blinked at the light, and Sukie fancied it listened to the canary birds. Sukie in private took to hugging it and kissing it, and even to shedding some tears of exquisite joy and sorrow over it, and to looking forward to the moments of feeding and washing it as the happiest moments of the day, and soon went on to craving for its being in her arms—though that could only be at rare intervals during the waking hours, with a constant sense of emptiness and unrest when the little creature was in the old family

cradle which had been rescued from the lumber of the garret, and once more graced with an occupant, or on the blanket in one corner of the floor,—and of blessed fulness and satisfaction when the infant was nestling to her breast.

It need not be said that Sukie had come speedily to the determination that her child should not lack any of the advantages which she could give it, and the foremost of these advantages was the introduction of her lamb into the Christian fold. Miles would hold back, he had turned brusquely from the subject every time Sukie had mentioned it, but he should be made to hear reason and religion, and he would have Will Mayne to keep him in countenance.

Sukie of course, would be one godmother. Ah! she had intended to be godmother to Kitty's child; but she might be that also, she would only be richer for little Miles's poverty in friends. She was bent on his being a third Miles—Miles Cope was a dear name to her, she reflected, with the most perfect simplicity and sincerity, and if the second Miles did not render the name honoured as the first had rendered it, why the third Miles might grow up to supply the deficiency, and, please God, she might live to see that glad day.

Kitty had said, the only time that she had mentioned the christening to Sukie, that to be sure her boy's name should be that of his father; and Kitty had spoken with much testiness, while Sukie had wondered in her own mind how Kitty could withhold her father's name from her child. But no doubt Kitty had known best, and had reflected that Sukie's boy by right of both father and grandfather, would be little Miles. Two little Mileses, even though one were Miles Mayne and the other Miles Cope, would breed confusion. Again Sukie was ready to confess that she did not understand a wife's feelings, and Kitty had this excuse for her preference of her husband's name over her father's, that she might not have another son to bear his father's name. Lastly, the father had a voice in the child's name, and Will Mayne's father, of whom Sukie had never once heard him speak, might be dear to Will Mayne as her father was to her, and might also be another Will Mayne. If so, the strange old gentleman was entitled by established rule to give his name to his son's first son.

Sukie was turning all these considerations over in her mind one showery May

day, when she was engaged shaking and turning her store of bleaching, formless straw bonnets in the wash-house, with the doors of both kitchens, back and front, carefully closed to prevent the sulphur fumes to which she was so much accustomed that they did not even make her cough or sneeze, reaching her father or little Miles—who were, the one at work in the room which served him for a shop, and the other fast asleep carefully tucked, and barricaded with chairs, in his cradle in the front kitchen.

Sukie had reached the conclusion that she would snatch a moment to run over to Kitty and ask when their christening was to be;—that she must wrap up her child against the spring wind and wet, and take him with her, as being less of a risk than leaving him alone in the house, with his grandfather, so buried in his book as to be far above ordinary observation. Little Miles might scream himself into a fit, though he was as good as gold, and far from a crying child; or he might toss off the clothes and catch his death of cold; or topple over the cradle and break his crown, if not his neck, under it; or a strange cat might stray in and smother, or suck the breath of Sukie's most precious nestling. These were horrible casualties; but as she proposed to obviate them one and all, by taking little Miles abroad with her, she only glanced at them metaphorically with a little shudder which enhanced her comfort in being able to bear her baby beyond the reach of the least of them; and she gave herself up to the more practical question as to whether she should put on her best and thickest shawl and hold baby ensconced within its folds, or whether she should give baby her lighter shawl as a shawl of his own, and muffle his head in one of his grandfather's woolen neckerchiefs, which to use on her own account Sukie would have counted little less than profanation.

Sukie was not unhappy while she was revolving these preparations, not though she was guilty of meditating the appropriation of one of her oblivious father's neckerchiefs. Her face was slightly blanched, and had the bluish tinge which the fumes of the sulphur imparted to it, but there was a fund of peace on her low brow and sweetness in the curves of her unshapely mouth.

All of a sudden she heard a stir in the silent house behind her, and before she had time to connect it either with the infant or the old man, who were its only

occupants, and hurry to ascertain what moved them, the wash-house door was thrown open by a hasty hand, and Kitty walked in with her baby in her arms—Kitty, who had always loathed and retreated from the fumes of the sulphur, who had not been to her father's house since her illness and recovery, and who had brought her infant in her arms within the noxious influence.

The last fact presented so real and near a danger,—which assumed pathetically overpowering proportions to the elderly woman, who had been but lately aroused to and engrossed with the preciousness of a baby,—that Kitty's child positively eclipsed its mother at that moment in Sukie's regard.

"Kitty, Kitty, go back instantly," she cried, waving wildly the hooked stick, by means of which she had been catching from the rope which sustained them, pulling down, and readjusting the suspended squares, ovals, and strips of straw plait; "are you mad, or have you forgotten the sulphur for the child? Take it away this moment, and I'll follow you."

Sukie had failed to remark that her sister's face was wanner than her own, and was dragged and pinched to boot, while her eyes were wild and staring, as if the oppressive atmosphere were already choking her and stopping the pulsations of her heart. Nay, Sukie continued so full of the risk which the child had run by the singular imprudence of the mother, that even after they were in the kitchen, she did not see how ill Kitty looked, or so much as remember that this was her first visit to her father's house with her baby, on which she ought to be warmly congratulated, and in consideration of which, as a great event, not only to Kitty, but to all her friends, she and her little son ought to receive a double amount of welcome and petting.

And Kitty, although in general she liked and claimed her due, did not seem to miss the recognition.

"I want to know, Sukie, if you have seen Miles since morning," she said, abruptly, out of a dry throat, relinquishing her child, without a comment, to her sister.

"No," said Sukie, without much thought; "he has not been coming in to dinner since he has been painting at Leascombe. Don't Mayne take his food on the premises to save waste of time? Pretty dear! I can see how he grows, Kitty; but I don't think he is more firmly fleshed than baby here."

"What did Miles say to you this morning?" inquired Kitty eagerly.

"What did he say?" repeated Sukie, looking up with surprise from her admiring contemplation of the infant. "Why, nothing particular—he was in better humour than usual, and called me a good soul for running after him with two hard boiled eggs to add to his dinner, since he had complained that the house-keeper at Leascombe kept the men on short commons. He bade me not mind him, but take care of myself. Dear! how pale you are, Kitty, when I come to see you fairly! The first day you have walked so far, what a forgetful goose I am, and the kettle is boiling and you can have tea in a trice. You ain't faint, are you? I'll run out for three pen'orth of brandy."

"No, no," forbade Kitty, raising her head from where she had leant it against the back of her chair, "never mind me; but there is something I wish you to do, Sukie. Go to Bridges's shop and find out if Miles is out at Leascombe."

"Oh! you haven't heard of an accident?" cried Sukie, partially enlightened. "What is it? who will break it to father?"

"No, no; no accident," said Kitty, wringing her hands. "Do what I bid you, Sukie; you never refused to do what I bade you before, and if I have not you to trust to, what will become of me? Ask me no questions. Oh, surely you can do so simple an errand to Bridges's shop."

Kitty was not in a fit state to be left, and there were the two infants—Sukie's child in its cradle, and Kitty's in Sukie's arms; the old father as unconscious of impending evil as the children, and as incapable, with all his wisdom and learning, of warding it off.

But Sukie made no further demur. She dared not delay; she laid the infant on its mother's knee, trusting to the motherly instinct to brace Kitty to render it, or the child in the cradle, any service which they might require in her absence. As for her father, Sukie trusted to be back again before his accustomed tea-hour.

Sukie ran, though her limbs quaked, and the fresh May air did not blow away the sulphur-bred lividness of her face, every step of the way to Bridges's shop, and was not without a suspicion as she ran that people gazed at her curiously and meaningly. But Bridges's shop, with its window indicated by yards of gay flowery wall-paper, and its little stucco

figures of Samuel kneeling with his hands clasped in youthful awe and reverence, and the child holding a fish, from originals more famous than Sukie could dream of, was not far to seek, and would soon be reached and the worst known.

Sukie stumbled into the shop, where more than one loitering man with paper cap, smeared apron, and paint pot or brush in his hands, who had been eagerly conversing with the man in charge of the shop, beat a rapid retreat into the inner premises before Sukie entered.

"Can you tell me if my brother or Will Mayne are painting out at Leascombe to-day?" asked Sukie, hesitating painfully.

The man whom she addressed hesitated in turn, shifted from one foot to another, coloured up, turned away his head, when, catching a glimpse of one of the loiterers in the further doorway, he made a sudden attempt to get some aid in discharging a painful task.

"Look here, Simmons, can you tell Miss Cope anything of her brother and Mayne? I understand you saw and spoke to them last."

"Man, what is the use of beating about the bush and torturing the poor soul?" protested the man who was thus appealed to, gruffly. "Cope and Mayne have bolted and given you and your sister the sack, my woman, and so there is nothing more to be said."

Sukie heard the worst, and it was beyond what her utmost panic could have conceived, though Kitty was right that there had been no accident. Young Miles Cope was not at Leascombe, for the good reason that, in consequence of a quarrel with his master, in which he and some of the other journeymen painters had been involved the previous evening, he with others had thrown up their work. Mr. Bridges had accepted their withdrawal from his employment without the usual warning—only too glad, as he put it, to be rid of two or three dissipated, troublesome workmen, whose places he could easily fill. Will Mayne was another, and it was understood that he had set off from Cranthorpe the same night. Miles Cope had waited till the following morning, and had gone away with a third man, who had let it slip out before he left that their immediate destination was Bristol, from which he and Miles, with their fellow-painter Mayne, who had preceded them and taken their berths, were to sail within a few hours of their arrival for America.

The story of the flight of the men from their home-ties had only just oozed out and reached Mr. Bridges and other responsible persons, who might have taken steps to have the delinquents arrested, or, at least, to give their friends and the town authorities information of their heartless intention; but the deserters from their posts had got such a start in their favour that even an immediate pursuit would in all probability neither overtake nor recall them. All that the most merciful man could say by way of comfort in imparting the news to Sukie Cope was that she and her sister might in the end be well rid of such a pair of ne'er-do-wells.

Sukie had no thought of pursuit. With her feet weighted as if by lead, she tried to hasten back to her still more miserable sister. What could she and Kitty do to follow and bring back runaways and traitors from home and duty? What could their father do save expose his sterling honesty (which could not have compassed the conception of such betrayal), and his grey hairs to insult and mockery?

There was but one gleam of consolation in the agony of the trial—Kitty was not so unprepared as Sukie had been. Whether from previous neglect and unkindness, taunts and threats on Will Mayne's part, she had, in some measure, foreboded the catastrophe, though she had shrunk, as a woman might well shrink, from conveying such apprehensions and fears, even to a sister.

Accordingly, when Sukie had laid the particulars with all their humiliation before Kitty in the few simple words, "Oh! my dear, bear up, for they are gone—Miles and Mayne—both gone to America," and had made a faint attempt in which she herself had little faith to mend the narrative by adding, "But there may be a mistake, Kitty—they could not do it—to leave you and the children and father without a word—I can hardly believe it possible."

"It has been possible," said Kitty, with a hard sob. "I was a vain idiot not to believe anything against him and his love, once on a day; I can believe everything possible now. There is no mistake, Sukie; I guessed it when I sat up all last night in my weakness, waiting in vain for him. They are gone, and it is Will Mayne who has enticed away Miles."

Old Miles had to be thought of and taken into the consultation. Sukie had to go to him next with the news of his

son and his son-in-law having absconded, abandoning not Sukie and Kitty and him alone, but each his child to the care of two forlorn middle-aged women and an old man whose active days were long past, and his business fast leaving him.

Old Miles's pomposity and pedantry, great though they were, were not proof against such a shock. They were dethroned for the occasion. Like the first man who gave the information to Sukie, old Miles was abashed in his very manhood, and with his pride humbled into the dust before the women—his daughters. He spoke plainly enough in his first sentence.

"Both men gone, and you girls left with me, no longer able to provide for you, and a couple of infants—these scoundrels' infants—on your hands, and one of the scoundrels my son! It is a base lie which some vile slanderer has palmed off on you and your sister, Sukie. I thought you would have known better than to have believed it. Get me my hat, and let me out to clear it all up."

Even when he had gone and come back, and sat down helpless under the disgrace and calamity, and when strong habit had resumed its sway, and the old man either lapsed into gloomy silence or raised his head with something of its old conceit, and delivered an oracular utterance which sought piteously to cloak and veil the misfortune that had befallen him and his, and to find an excuse for his own manhood before the wronged women, there was something more dazed than profound in his air, and there was a humble plain-tiveness in his conceit, as he said,

"Lads are vagarious and want to go out into the world to make their fortunes, if women will but wait and have patience, and let God's will be done."

"You and your dear little baby will stay in your old quarters, Kitty," proposed Sukie at once, but speaking brokenly, and unable to make the smallest feint at cheerfulness, while she could not keep from recalling how lately, and in what triumph, Kitty had quitted her home of many peaceful years, and wondering if it would be her, Sukie's, part to give up the River End lodging as she had given up Miles's lodging in the Forge Lane, and settle with another landlady, and, oh! where should she find the means to do that, and provide for them all, and little Miles, who had nobody but her now—nobody! Yet she found voice to say reassuringly, "There is room for us all, Kitty."

"How can I come upon father and you with my child? But what can I do, Sukie?" cried Kitty, hoarsely.

"Say no more or you will break my heart, Kitty; and father is right; it is God's will which must be done," whispered Sukie, quietly.

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PLUTARCH'S ESSAYS.

THE versatile and nimble-witted Greek readily found a home in the capital of his Roman conqueror. Rome with the wealth and love of luxury, which followed in the wake of her eastern conquests, naturally became a centre of attraction to every description of adventurer. Under the imperial rule the city swarmed with Greeks, whose multifarious accomplishments enabled them to gratify every variety of taste to which a rich and idle society would be inclined. A man who had to live by his wits could not possibly have desired to be surrounded by more favourable conditions. For artists, physicians, architects, teachers of grammar and rhetoric, there were easy and abundant openings, and into all of them the Greek stepped as a matter of course. Had journalism been a profession at Rome, Greeks, we may be sure, would have monopolized it. No event could have occurred, no subject in heaven or earth could have been propounded, on which a Greek *littérateur* would not have written with an awful fluency. Readers of Juvenal will recall with a smile, the passage in which the "Græculus esuriens," with his wonderfully various capabilities, is held up as an object from which honest simplicity ought to recoil with horror. We can well understand that the average Roman, who was somewhat dull and matter-of-fact, would not unnaturally half dislike, half despise Greek cleverness. He would have much the same feeling towards it, as the old-fashioned country squire still has towards an artist or a man of letters. The Greek professor, as a man who lived by his wits, would have been more or less of an abomination to him. This sort of feeling, however, which though stupid had really something to say for itself, must have almost worn itself out soon after the establishment of the empire. Society frowned on it and condemned it as ignorant and unenlightened. The highest aristocratic circles had distinctly recognized the worth of

Greek culture, and set the tone in its favour. The Roman youth, who in former days had learnt jurisprudence and eloquence under the care of some eminent lawyer, now attended the lectures of a Greek professor, and in this manner completed the higher part of his education. The change was in great measure due to circumstances, over which parents had no control. The eloquence of the bar had languished under imperialism, and the law courts no longer supplied the intellectual training which they had formerly done. A substitute, necessarily a formal and artificial one, was sought in the classes presided over by eminent Greek grammarians and rhetoricians. Here lads were carefully taught the various arts of style, and had to discuss every imaginable topic. The great object of education seemed to be to turn out clever speakers and talkers. It must have produced a plentiful crop of conceited smatterers, whose intolerable affectation must have made them bores of the first magnitude in Roman society. You would have had not infrequently to sit next a man at dinner, who would have insisted on dragging you into some abstruse question of mythology or archæology. Imagine being expected to discuss why the temple of Saturn had been used from time immemorial as a record office; or why the ancient coins had on one side the image of Janus, on the other the stern of a ship. The discussion of questions which could merely give scope to the exercise of intellectual ingenuity, appears to have been sedulously encouraged by the teachers of Roman youth. Among the Greek professors at Rome, we can quite believe that there was a considerable sprinkling of ridiculous pedants, and probably too, for the special benefit of the rich *parvenu* class, of downright impostors, who thoroughly deserved the worst that Juvenal has said about them.

There was, however, as we have good reason for knowing, real moral worth as well as literary merit of a high order, in this Greek society. The Roman fashionable world was, we doubt not, on the whole, decidedly a gainer by its presence. Here was at least an element which could do something to counteract the vulgarity of wealth, and the excessive love of material enjoyments. We wish we knew more of the inner life of the best of these Greek rhetoricians. We get, it is true, a few glimpses into it; and we see enough to convince us that, in marked contrast with the disreputable adventurer who could

have imposed only on the rich Roman money-lender or contractor, there were men of learning and culture answering to our best university professors. Such men would of course have too much delicacy to attempt to force themselves into great social prominence; but we may be tolerably sure that the more cultivated circles at Rome felt and recognized their stimulating and refining influence. It is probable that Tacitus knew and respected many of these accomplished Greeks. The younger Pliny can hardly find language strong enough to express his admiration of them. They are singled out in his epistles as specially distinguished representatives of the class, and are praised as much for their moral as their intellectual qualities. Of their learning and accomplishments he speaks with absolute rapture, and he adds that he finds them the most guileless and estimable set of men with whom he is acquainted. We think it highly probable that Pliny's esteem for them was by no means undeserved. Many of them, we can well suppose, were quite as much lovers of truth and honesty as we usually find a great scholar or man of science to be in our own day.

To this class belongs a writer whom most of us, I should think, look upon as an old familiar friend. Probably, no classical author is better known to the average modern reader than Plutarch. His *Lives*, I suppose, have been oftener translated than any other work of Greek or Roman antiquity. He is hardly known except as a biographer, and it is no doubt in this capacity that he chiefly deserves to be known. His age was one in which, for some reason or other, biography was a particularly popular form of literature. Perhaps this was due to the extraordinary importance with which imperialism had invested a single man. History, if not identified with, was at least of necessity closely connected with the character and habits of the reigning emperor. In the absence of the stirring associations of political life, the reading public naturally felt a keen interest in all the various gossip which centred round the Court and its leading figures. Personal anecdotes were sure to be in great demand. The taste may not have been a very elevated one, but it was almost inevitable under the circumstances of the time. Hence arose a crop of biographers, of whom Plutarch was unquestionably the worthiest. He sought, naturally enough, to amuse his readers, and, to his honour, be it said,

he did his best to instruct and improve them. His Lives are thoroughly healthy reading—the idea of comparing eminent Greeks with eminent Romans was in itself a good one, and it was specially suited to a reflective self-conscious age which was witnessing the fusion of two such singularly contrasted worlds as the Roman and the Hellenic. It gave him an opportunity of treating his subject from a cosmopolitan point of view, and of interweaving with it a number of thoughts on the general course of human affairs. All this Plutarch does in a pleasant and sensible fashion. He does not, however, in the least come up to our modern conception of a biographer. Of the relation of the men whose lives he writes to their age, of the social or political atmosphere by which they were surrounded, he tells us nothing. What he does, and does well and agreeably, is to illustrate in a variety of ways the characters of his heroes and to dwell on the virtues by which they often rose superior to adverse circumstances. Hence his deserved and enduring popularity. We have heard it said that he was the Boswell of antiquity. We have seen his chatty gossiping style compared to that of Pepys' Diary. His Lives were beyond a doubt well known to Shakespeare. Some one went so far as to say that he would rather part with all the other remains of antiquity than with the extant works of Plutarch. It is at least certain that he has attractions for an ordinary modern reader which are not possessed by ancient authors of far higher genius. We cannot but feel that whatever may be his literary merits, he is to us a link between the ancient and modern worlds.

It is a disappointment to find that of the man himself we know but very little. The younger Pliny, one would suppose, must have been acquainted with him, and we rather wonder there is no allusion to him in his letters. Plutarch and Pliny would seem to have been in many respects very much like each other. Both were thoroughly bookish men; both, we imagine, had the same gentleness and amiability. Both, too, had a decided touch of pedantry. In Plutarch, this was no doubt partly the result of his profession, partly of his careful and reverential study of the past. He has told us a little about himself, and this is nearly all we know. It does not amount to much. It seems that he was contemporary with Nero, and was studying philosophy during his reign. He was lecturing at Rome

in the time of Domitian, and it appears, from a little anecdote which he tells in one of his essays, that Pliny's friend, Arulenus Rusticus, was one of his hearers. In all probability he was banished by the tyrant along with the other philosophers. He had been a considerable traveller, and had visited most parts of Greece, Italy, and also Egypt. The story that he was tutor to the Emperor Trajan is, I believe, now generally rejected as utterly groundless. How long he taught and lectured at Rome we cannot say. It may be supposed that he made money by his profession, as we find him in his declining years settled down at his native place, Chæronia, in Bœotia, to which he was warmly attached. Here he became a local magistrate and a priest of Apollo. We may be pretty sure that he was in comfortable circumstances, and it is pleasant to picture to ourselves the cheerful old man surrounded by his guests, and entertaining them with the recollections of his life at Rome and with his rich fund of anecdotes.

We think we are right in saying that Plutarch is known to English readers almost exclusively as a biographer. This, no doubt, is the chief claim which he has on our interest, but he has also another claim which distinctly deserves to be recognized. In reading his parallel lives, one can hardly fail to notice those reflective and moralizing tendencies out of which essay-literature is naturally developed. Had he lived in the last century, we may be sure he would have contributed many a paper to the *Spectator*. Were he with us now, he would, we believe, be a rival of the charming author of *Friends in Council and Companions of my Solitude*. It is to Plutarch that the modern essayist owes his literary parentage. Montaigne was particularly fond of him, and says that his own essays were entirely made up of what he had borrowed from Seneca and Plutarch. A very considerable part of Plutarch's extant works, which scholars have generally agreed to call the "*Moralia*," is in fact a series of essays, which touch on nearly every conceivable subject. Some of them are on curious antiquarian matters, which, as may be supposed, often lead the writer to the most singular and uncritical conclusions. Plutarch was certainly not the man to sift such subjects to much profit; he was learned, painstaking, and very anxious to understand the general teachings of history, but he had not the vigour and the originality of a Thucydides.

We must not expect very much light of the best sort from him when he handles such an obscure subject as the worship of Isis and Osiris or the Delphic god and the oracle of the Pythia. Even here, however, we get occasionally useful hints and suitable remarks, and actual information of some value. As a philosopher, he was bound to discuss many other profound subjects for which he had no special qualification. His essays on the genius of Socrates, on the Stoic and Epicurean philosophies, on fate, on fortune, on the cessation of the oracles, present a strange and confused medley of speculations, which, for a modern reader, have little interest, and would be hardly intelligible. Even in these, however, there are, as we intend to point out, some singular lines of thought which are at least worthy of notice.

It was, after all, as a practical teacher that Plutarch must have been most esteemed. When he deals with the ordinary matters of life, he always shows good sense, and often acuteness. His moral essays constantly remind us of our excellent friend Miss Edgeworth. A pleasant and healthy tone pervades them. We can well imagine how the rich and comfortable Roman gentleman, to whom anything like subtle metaphysical speculation would have been an intense bore, must have enjoyed and appreciated these writings. Plutarch let it be clearly seen that he had a great admiration for the good side of the Roman character. He often falls into a gloomy and desponding view of the world and its prospects, but he more than once suggests that the greatness of Rome was really deserved, and that, on the whole, mankind were the better for it. We think he had tried to make up his mind that whatever is, is right. To do him justice, this was something more than a mere lazy acquiescence in the existing state of things; it was grounded on a belief that human affairs are not left to chance.

Plutarch's essays range over as wide a field as those of Montaigne or Hume. The education of children, the study of the poets, advice to married people, progress in virtue, the preservation of health, superstition, the restraint of anger, tranquillity of mind, brotherly love, the virtues of women, the avoiding of debt, false shame, the love of riches, talkativeness, meddlesomeness, love, music, consolation for the afflicted, these are a few specimens of the many and various topics handled in what we may call his more

popular essays. Before I speak of these writings more in detail, it is as well that I should describe the general impression derived from them as to the author's philosophical position. He may have little merits as an original thinker, but he had views and opinions which, taken in connection with the age in which he lived, are worth consideration.

Plutarch was neither a Stoic nor an Epicurean. He disliked the paradoxes of Stoicism, and he thought the promises of Epicureanism delusive. There was in fact too much sound common sense in Plutarch to let him rest satisfied in any existing system of philosophy. His opinions about the divine nature and about human morality were very much those of an eighteenth century theologian. In his caution and moderation, and indeed in his general tone of thought he was not at all unlike some of the dignitaries of the English Church in that period. Had he lived then, he might very possibly have been a bishop or a dean. In his moral essays we really find by anticipation some of Butler's and Paley's arguments. He believes in providence as something above and apart from either fate or fortune. He had a conception of a divine plan running through the world and its history. He thought that virtue on the whole secured happiness, and that it will be taught and imparted by good education. He was inclined to take a cheerful view of human nature, and to think that under judicious management it was perfectly capable of vast improvement. On the other hand, he strongly felt its frailty, and seems to have thought that the world would always present a considerable mixture of good and evil. The utopianism which we so often find in connection with great genius, was not to his taste. In free-will he was a decided believer. A future state of rewards and punishments was also a part of his creed. He had at the same time all the horror of superstition and fanaticism which belongs to a healthy and well-regulated mind. In one of his essays he ridicules people who make themselves miserable about religion. Thus far, he was really very much like an Arminian divine. But the age in which he lived, with its many strange imaginings, somewhat disturbed his intellectual equilibriums and drew him into some curious speculations which only a Greek mind would have ever entertained. The vague word Neoplatonism conveniently describes some of the theo-

ries at which he hints. In a few essays attributed to him, we find physical and metaphysical lines of thought crossing each other in a singular manner. We may certainly say, that his conceptions and beliefs were distinctly tinged with Orientalism. This is amply accounted for by the fact that he had been a great traveller, that he was naturally fond of comparing nation with nation, and that the general idea of the unity of all races was one which had to a certain extent worked itself into his mind. It is rather surprising that he never alludes to Christianity, which, in his time, we know had attracted so much attention. It is perfectly impossible that it could have escaped him, and we confess we cannot in the least understand how it is that he fails to notice it. We find him occasionally plunging into speculations closely akin to the Eastern and Jewish beliefs about angels, and there are more than hints of something like the phenomena of clairvoyance and mesmerism. Plutarch's study of Plato, whom he admired and tried to imitate, along with the peculiar influence of his age, may sufficiently explain these portions of his writings. With much good sense and much sobriety of judgment, we meet occasionally with a kind of vein of mysticism for which we were hardly prepared.

His moral essays cover a very wide surface. In reading them, we seem to be surrounded with a sort of eighteenth century atmosphere. It would be very easy to draw a comparison between Plutarch and Pope. There is hardly a sentiment in the *Essay on Man* to which a parallel might not be found in Plutarch. Many passages in his writings may strike us as trite and commonplace, but how sensibly and judiciously he treats such a subject as the education of children. We find several of our modern views surprisingly anticipated in this essay. The evil consequences of a one-sided and of an over-indulgent education are admirably pointed out. The miserable after-life of the youth who has been left to the tender mercies of vulgar and ignorant pretenders to learning, and has never acquired moral tone or intellectual culture is strikingly set before us. On the other hand, the man who, in his early years, enjoyed the inestimable benefit of a good education, finds that his understanding only grows youthful by age, and that time, which makes all other things decay, increases the light and knowledge of our declining years. One lesson to be im-

pressed on the young is that they are not to think it a fine thing to be able to talk glibly on any subject, and to covet excessively the *éclat* too often undeservedly won by the extempore speaker. To a wretched painter who once showed Apelles a picture, with the remark that he had taken a very little time to paint it, the great artist replied, "I only wonder that in that space of time you did not produce many more such pictures." The stingy Philistine father who grudges money for education is well rebuked by a pungent anecdote. "What is your fee for the education of my son," said such a father to the philosopher Aristippus. "My fee is £50," was the reply. "Good heavens," exclaimed the parent, "I could buy a slave for £50!" "Do so, by all means," rejoined the philosopher, "and you will have a couple of slaves." In some schools it would seem athleticism was unduly cultivated. Athletic exercises, says Plutarch, are very good as laying the foundation of a vigorous old age, but they may be turned into enemies both of bodily and mental health. Corporal punishment is, on the whole, unsuitable to free-born children, as tending to destroy their self-respect and to discourage them in the pursuit of learning, and its frequent use is an infallible sign of a clumsy teacher. Of anything like cram Plutarch has an intense horror. Education in his view is to be a very careful and gradual process, specially aiming at the formation of certain moral and mental habits. Hence parents are much to be blamed who leave the whole matter to schoolmasters and tutors. They ought themselves often to examine their children, and to see whether they are really the better for what they are taught, and then the master will do his duty with more heartiness. A parent with tact will not take note of every single fault, or scold his son violently for once in a way talking rather thick on his return from a dinner party. When the young people are old enough to marry, he should encourage them to look out for partners in their own station of life, since those marriages are the happiest in which the parties first are matched before they marry. Plutarch's views on education are decidedly enlightened, and, perhaps it may be added, eminently practical.

In one of his essays he tells us how we are to distinguish a flatterer from a friend. He begins with a bit of philosophy. Truth, he says, is a particle of the divinity, and is the origin of all good to man; hence, the flatterer is an enemy to the

gods. He contradicts the divine sentence, "Know thyself," by teaching every one to deceive himself. The most perilous sort of flattery is that which is grave and solemn in its deportment, and which never relaxes its attentions. There is the flatterer who will pretend that he is afflicted with the same ailments as yourself. The parasites of the blind tyrant, Dionysius, humoured him by stumbling against each other, and jostling the dishes off his table. Flattery, it may be presumed, was reduced to a fine art in the ancient as well as in the modern world; and Plutarch's own age was especially one in which the parasite drove an uncommonly prosperous trade. The versatile Greek, as may be seen, was in this line as in others singularly successful. Hence, this particular essay was well suited to the time. A good saying of Diogenes is quoted in it: "That he who would be saved must have good friends or violent enemies, and it is safest for him to have both."

"Tranquillity of mind" was a subject on which every philosopher had something to say. Stoics and Epicureans both professed to make it their ultimate object; and in a decaying age, in which political life had lost all the vividness of former days, and a healthy repose naturally seemed the best attainable result, it was sure to be much discussed. Plutarch points out what a mistake it is to suppose that persons who have the least to do are the most contented. Women, he observes, are apt to be particularly restless, and prone to violent emotions. One great cause of people's uneasiness is that they accustom themselves too much to live for other men's sakes rather than their own, and are always troubling themselves with the fancy that they are being pitied or looked down upon by others. If a man has money, he worries himself by supposing that men despise him because he is not a senator or a general. A rich landowner will make himself miserable because his horses or his dogs do not make such a fine show as those of his neighbour. Or a successful general will vex himself to death because he finds himself destitute of the gift of eloquence, instead of quietly resigning himself to Achilles' state of mind, who was content to be simply a warrior:—

None of the Greeks for courage me excel;
Let others have the praise of speaking well.

Or a wealthy nobleman who wishes to be thought an art-critic may meet with a hu-

milating rebuff, like that which Apelles once administered to a Persian satrap, who came into his studio, and, after looking round, began to plunge into artistic talk. "While you held your tongue," said Apelles, "we all took you for a very great man, and were lost in admiration at the purple and gold of your attire; but as soon as you opened your mouth, the very boys who mix my colours could not help laughing at you." The various ways in which fools will persist in cutting themselves off from tranquillity of mind were very happily described by Plutarch.

We have some amusing remarks on the vice of talkativeness. A talkative physician, he says, is worse than the disease. If he praises you for obeying his directions, his praise is worse than censure. Talkative persons in general are as bad as hosts who will make their guests drink wine to excess, and show themselves just as destitute of good breeding and education. One who is prone to this fault should be shy of talking on subjects in which he has a special interest. The soldier should not be always talking of battles, or the lawyer of law-suits; both should rather aim at conversation on subjects from which they may acquire fresh ideas. On the vice of inquisitiveness, Plutarch is particularly severe. Inquisitive people were, I have no doubt, very numerous in his time. The character of the age was particularly favourable to the development of this disagreeable quality which, it may be observed, was rather congenial to the Greek mind and disposition. Plutarch tells us that there was a host of persons to whom, we may be sure, the sensational paragraphs in our papers would have been exactly suited. These persons liked to hear of nothing so much as accidents, murders, intrigues, quarrels between relations, and were everlastingly talking of something tragical, horrible, or nasty. He compares them to fowls, because their chief delight is to scrape up the dunghill of all the hidden evils of their neighbourhood.

In one of his essays he gives advice to married people. He warns women against the various tricks connected with husband-hunting, and says that this is the way to get a sot or a fool for a husband. The wife must not even boast of her fortune or of her good looks, nor must she gad about to places of amusement. She must not wrangle with her husband when he has a dinner-party. The husband, on his side, ought to make

it a practice to let his wife share in his various pleasures and amusements. Husband and wife must be of the same religion. Plutarch lays great stress on this. No sacrifice, he says, can be acceptable to the gods but such as is offered by the wife with the husband's knowledge and approval. His views about marriage have much delicacy and refinement. Souls are melted and twined together in the union which love inspires. Those who are thus united cannot look on themselves as separate persons, but live with mutual reverence and fidelity. The love which purifies and ennobles, and leads to true and worthy companionship, is, according to Plutarch, at the root of marriage. Here we are on the verge of sentiments which we usually think were singularly foreign to the ancient world.

It would seem that some of the philosophers and teachers of Plutarch's time, almost in anticipation of the spirit out of which monasticism was subsequently developed, set before their disciples a life of absolute retirement as the best ideal at which they could aim. "Live concealed" (*ζῆτε βύστας*) was the motto which they adopted. Plutarch refutes them with the argument that men can only be said truly to live when they endeavour to serve each other in a true spirit of beneficence. Life has been given us that we may have sympathy with one another; and the great reward of the good and virtuous is to be gathered together into a cultivated and sympathetic society; while the punishment of the wicked is inglorious obscurity and final extinction. Some of our best and noblest conceptions of human life are, if we mistake not, closely allied to this beautiful thought.

The peculiar circumstances of his age, and that partial disappearance of national distinctions which Roman imperialism was bringing about, fully account for Plutarch's sentiments about banishment and exile. We are not in the least surprised to find him working out in detail the growing idea that man is a citizen of the world, and that the sort of patriotism which clings to a particular state or country is unworthy of a philosopher. He mentions men of genius to whom exile had been a positive stimulus, to whom, in fact, the Muses had rendered banishment a help towards the completion of their best literary productions. He even goes so far as to suggest that while from one point of view we may claim a kind of universal citizenship, yet from another

we are but strangers and exiles in this present world. This was one of those modes of thought which marked the coming in of a new set of moral forces and influences.

The death of a daughter in early childhood, gave occasion to a letter of consolation to his wife, in which he seeks to dwell on the bright side of the affliction. The child's loss was, he says, to herself nothing; indeed, it might be regarded as a blessing, inasmuch as it is the inevitable tendency of old age to stain and corrupt the soul with an excessive love of earthly things. The spirit which soon quits its imprisonment, and has scarcely had time to attach itself to the world of sense, returns naturally to its native vigour and beauty, and passes at once into the enjoyment of an exquisite and refined bliss. Here, too, we have the graceful expression of one of our most fondly cherished beliefs.

Politics were a subject with which Plutarch could not have had much practical acquaintance; and his political precepts, as he calls one of his essays, are nothing but a summary of the thoughts and opinions of others. He makes, however, one remark which will interest a modern reader. There are, he says, two ways of beginning political life. Success as an author, or as a lawyer, or as a soldier, is one way; another way is to attach one's self to some veteran statesman and to serve under him in various offices. This latter may be the slowest, but it is, in Plutarch's opinion, the best and safest way. To govern rightly, he says, one must first learn obedience thoroughly. He observes that people in general like there to be a moderately strong opposition, otherwise they are sure to distrust the government. He seems to have had a pretty clear perception of what we speak of as government by party.

From the above specimens a fair notion may, I think, be gathered of the general style and character of Plutarch's moral essays. I now pass to his more abstruse writings, the philosophical essays. Of these, too, there is a considerable number. Some of them deal with very curious and recondite subjects, and present a strange mixture of Greek and Oriental speculation. It was the tendency of the age to blend together theology, physics, and metaphysics. These essays are chiefly interesting as illustrating this peculiar tendency, and as helping us to understand the intellectual atmosphere of a remarkable period.

Plutarch, it would seem, specially prided himself on being a theologian. For the popular worship, for the oracles, for everything in short connected with religious belief, he had much to say in the way of defence and apology; in fact, he did his best to reconcile reason and faith; and in attempting to accomplish this result he has anticipated to a surprising extent the arguments of Christian apologists. It is hardly too much to say that the current answers of modern divines to the various objections against revealed religion are to be found, almost in their present form, in the essays of Plutarch. Some of them bear a striking resemblance to Bishop Butler's Analogy, and treat, in a precisely similar manner, the difficulties of belief in a moral government of the world. I cannot doubt that several of the early Christian writers made use of Plutarch's philosophical writings, and were the means of transmitting to our own age a tone of religious thought with which we are all familiar, and to which the divine of the eighteenth century gave particular expression. It is at the same time quite possible that Plutarch, if he knew anything of the Christian movement, and it is utterly inconceivable that he should have been wholly ignorant of it, imagined that, so far from indirectly assisting it, he was guarding the popular belief of the heathen world from its encroachments.

One of his essays, on the delay of the divine punishment of the wicked, is a learned dissertation on a subject which has long exercised the ingenuity of theologians, and it really leaves little more to be said. Plutarch starts with a belief that the Supreme Divinity is the moral governor of the world. He begins by reminding us that we must not judge the ways of Providence rashly and presumptuously. Next, he suggests that, with the design of making us less brutal in our impulses and teaching us patience and forbearance, the Deity is patient and forbearing towards evil-doers. To this he adds that, to us familiar, reflection that opportunity is thus allowed for repentance and reformation. But why is it that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children? How can this be reconcilable with a belief in moral government? To these questions Plutarch has various answers. He argues that the same instinct which leads us to honour and to reward the children of the good, ought to lead us to acquiesce in the punishment of those of the wicked. Next, he dwells on

the mysterious connection of cause and effect, which, though undeniable, cannot in many cases be traced. Why is it stranger that a sin committed in one age should transmit its consequences to another, than that a plague which had its origin in Ethiopia should extend to Athens? Here we have the argument from analogy. Thirdly, he insists that the nature of the tie which links together the generations of mankind, renders this particular law of retribution both just and necessary. Each family, each community, each nation has a corporate life of its own, and a kind of personal identity, which must be rewarded or punished, honoured or disgraced, according to its antecedents. Thus the social crime of one age, cannot but work out its due result in another age, and to deny the justice of this would be something like arguing that a man who owes a debt to-day is released from it to-morrow because he is no longer the same person. Fourthly, he suggests that much of the suffering which the wicked entail on their offspring, is preventive in its design, and tends to deter them from evil. The children, he observes (here we are reminded of something like the doctrine of inherited sin), often succeed to the bad qualities of their parents; hence the Deity, foreseeing the future, and understanding each man's character, interposes with the necessary discipline for counteracting this inherited tendency to evil. Instead of allowing the latent seeds of wickedness to germinate, he anticipates their development and extinguishes them. Fifthly, it is argued that this suffering of the children for their parent's sins, is the most powerful warning which can be conceived against evil-doing; for nothing distresses men more than to see their offspring visited by calamities brought on them by themselves. The after consequences of an evil life, Plutarch remarks, are seen too dimly and indistinctly to produce much impression on most men, whereas suffering which comes on children in this world, through their parents' sins, is plainly visible, and appeals to our strongest sympathies. Lastly, if the children are virtuous, they are not really in the long run, harmed by what their fathers and mothers have done. Plutarch supplements this rather weak argument by a belief in a future state, for which he pleads in the same manner as Addison in a paper of the *Spectator*. The Deity, he says, never would have lavished so much care on us if we were

like the leaves which fall from the trees in autumn, or like the hothouse plant which withers and dies on the least exposure or neglect. Addison's train of thought is exactly similar. "Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can He delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings," &c., &c. Plutarch in this essay seems to say all that can be said on an ever-recurring difficulty, and certainly helps us with some noble thoughts. In a singularly noteworthy passage he denies that punishment can be properly said to be executed by the supreme God, with whose nature and attributes such a function is incompatible; it is a work specially appointed and reserved for the Furies. We have here the suggestion of a very admirable theology. Many, indeed, of our most familiar religious sentiments are brought before us in this essay with a breadth and elevation which we have often missed in the writings of modern theologians.

Plutarch's reverence for the past led him to set a high value on the poetry of his country, and to find in it a sort of basis for his theological and philosophical systems. Great poets and lawgivers he seems to have regarded as inspired teachers of mankind, but it was needful for them to be interpreted by philosophers. In this manner he seeks to reconcile the claims of authority and reason. The poets, he says, hide their thoughts as a vine does its grapes. In interpreting them, he puts aside the physical explanations which were so current among some of the earlier Greek philosophers. This kind of rationalism was quite alien to his tastes. He preferred the ethical mode of interpretation, and connected the theological traditions handed down by the poets with the moral nature and attributes of man. These traditions were in his view the subject-matter on which enlightened reason was to work, and from which it was to draw conclusions. Revelation and reason, in fact, are both needful to man, the first being embodied in the writings of poets and the sayings of lawgivers, and the latter, when purified by philosophy, enabling us to understand them. Philosophy he calls *μυσταγωγός*, "a guide to the mysteries," intimating, I suppose, that reason under suitable guidance could attain to a knowledge of divine truth. A blind unthinking submission to the wisdom of the past, Plutarch certainly condemns by implication.

One of his most curious essays (its genuineness has been questioned, but it harmonizes with his general scheme of thought) deals with one of those remarkable facts of the age, which is significant of the great change then gradually stealing over men's minds. It is an attempt at an explanation of the failure or cessation of the oracles in the first century; and I imagine that it suggested the fine and well-known passage in Milton's Hymn on Christ's Nativity:—

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arch'd roof in words deceiving;
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;
No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic
cell.

In this essay Plutarch largely uses the Neoplatonic philosophy, and indulges in what must seem to us the most fanciful theological speculations. He clearly felt the subject one of great difficulty. A modern writer would seek an explanation of it in the altered spirit of the age, and refer the cessation of the oracles to much the same general causes as those to which he could trace the disappearance of witchcraft. It is scarcely possible to define with precision the various influences which from time to time produce a change in the attitude of the human mind in regard to certain ideas and beliefs. We cannot, so to speak, put our finger on the exact causes and circumstances of these mental revolutions, but are obliged to rest in partial explanations. Of this special phenomenon, the failure of the oracles in the first century, we can no doubt give some respectable account, though it would be too much to say that we can explain it fully. One great cause is no doubt to be sought in the extinction of separate nationalities and the consequent absence of political life and activity under the Roman empire. The growing prevalence of cosmopolitan ideas may have been too much for the local and national associations which necessarily attached themselves to oracles. The subject presents a wide and interesting field of speculation. It is suggested in Plutarch's essay that the wickedness of mankind may be the chief and principal cause of this withdrawal of divine direction. "There was no open vision," it is said in the 1st Book of Samuel, of a dis-

orderly and anarchical time in the history of the Jews. But Plutarch cannot allow this explanation, as he thinks that it attributes unworthy feelings and emotions to the Divinity. Could it then be due, he asks, to the depopulated condition of the world and of Greece particularly, which he seems to have looked upon as one of the marked features of his age? The country districts of both Greece and Italy were no doubt, from various causes, much less populous than they had been in former times. Population was aggregated into great cities, some of which were probably crowded to a degree never before known. But the real cause of the failure of the oracles, Plutarch traces to a sort of temporary break-down in the supernatural machinery which regulates human affairs. The gifts of the gods to mankind are, he thinks, in their nature transitory; and it is moreover very hard to define how far the supreme providence extends, and whether it is strictly the cause and origin of all things. Many things, among them the oracles, may be left by the gods to subordinate beings or *dæmons*, who themselves, from time to time, fail and perish, and are succeeded by others. This strange notion he confirms by a singular story of an occurrence which is said to have happened during the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and to have been reported to him. A ship, on its way from Greece to Italy, was becalmed near the Echinades Islands, off the coast of Acarnania, and a voice was heard by the passengers calling on one *Thamus* by name, who, it appears, was an Egyptian sailor on board the vessel, but scarcely known to any one. To the third call he replied, "Here, I am the man." The voice then directed him, on the ship's arrival at a particular place, to make known that the great god *Pan* was dead. The passengers were much astonished and perplexed, and there was a warm discussion as to whether the voice should be obeyed or disregarded. *Thamus* made up his mind, in the event of a calm, to do as he was bid, and as the wind was perfectly still and the sea smooth, on their reaching the place in question, he stood on the deck, and with his face towards the land, he exclaimed with a loud voice, "The great *Pan* is dead." Then followed a dismal noise of groaning and lamentation, which was heard by all the passengers, who on their arrival at Rome reported this marvellous incident. This story is told by Plutarch in

proof and illustration of his theory, that the *dæmons* or subordinate divinities are themselves mortal, and he thus suggests that the cessation of the oracles may be compared to that of music in the absence of the musician. This, however, is not all he has to say in explanation. He goes on to mix together theological and physical speculations in a strange compound. Although the earth is itself indestructible, yet its virtues and properties are liable to decay. Inspiration itself may be partly the result of physical or natural causes. The prophetic faculty on which oracular responses depend, may remain dormant from never having been brought into contact with the proper object which can alone stimulate it and call out its activity. Vapours and exhalations may thus have their part in producing the conditions under which oracles are given. Hence any physical changes in the earth may conspire with the decay and failure of supernatural powers in bringing about this temporary failure of the oracles. We are here in a curious, perhaps a barren field of thought. Yet these speculations of Plutarch and the Neoplatonists have had their counterpart in modern times. They are, at least, a remarkable chapter in the history of human thought and cannot be ignored by those who wish to understand the mental characteristics of the first and second centuries.

It is not easy to understand why a man of so speculative a mind as Plutarch should have taken no notice of Christianity. Occasionally, his language reminds us of some of St. Paul's phrases. The "principalities and powers" of which the Christian apostle speaks, would seem to belong to much the same atmosphere of thought as that in which Plutarch moved. There is an allusion in one of his writings to some philosophers known as *ἐκτιστικοί*, a name which probably implied that they made hope their *summum bonum*. It has been thought that Plutarch may have here been glancing at the Christian community. This, I believe to be the merest conjecture. The early Christians could hardly have been described as a sect of philosophers. The title was one which, as far as we know, was never applied to them, and it was one which, I imagine, they did not claim or covet. Possibly, Plutarch's veneration for antiquity may have led him to pass by unnoticed a sect which professed an entirely new religious belief, and was at the same time averse to all philosophical speculation. He

would have been quite out of sympathy with many of the peculiarly distinctive Christian doctrines, though there are, as I have shown, several points of contact between his ideas and those which we commonly associate with Christianity. To those who feel that it is interesting to trace such connections, and to find much of our modern thought anticipated in curious and unexpected ways, his essays will be by no means an unattractive study.

W. J. BRODRIBB.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ST. SYMEON SALOS.

BY THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

IN the modern Roman Martyrology we find on July 1 St. Symeon Salos given as a confessor, approved by Rome as a model for Christians to take example by. M. Wratislaw has lately drawn attention to St. John Nepomucen, and has shown how careless Rome has been in her assertions about the circumstances and the date of his martyrdom. The case of St. Symeon Salos also deserves attention.

The life of this saintly personage comes to us on excellent authority. The patron of Symeon in Edessa, and the witness of his acts, was a certain simple-minded John the Deacon. Leontius, Bishop of Neapolis in Cyprus, whose *Apology for Sacred Images* was accepted and approved by the Second Council of Nicæa, was acquainted with this John the Deacon, and from his account of the doings of Symeon wrote the life, in Greek, which has come down to us entire. It is one of the most curious and instructive of early Christian biographies.

Evagrius, the historian, also a contemporary of Symeon, makes mention of him in his *Church History* (lib. iv. c. 34).

The story of Symeon is as follows :

In the reign of the Emperor Justinian, two young Syrians came to Jerusalem to assist at the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. The name of one was John, and the name of the other was Symeon. John, a young man of two and twenty, was accompanied by his bride, a beautiful and wealthy girl, to whom he had been very lately married, and by his old father. With Symeon was his widowed mother, aged eighty.

The festival having terminated, the pilgrims started on their return to Edes-

sa, and had reached Jericho, when John, reining in his horse, bade the caravan proceed, whilst he and his comrade Symeon tarried behind. The two young men flung themselves from their horses on the coarse grass. In the distance, near Jordan, glimmered the white walls of a monastery, and a track led towards it from the main road followed by the caravan.

"What place is that?" asked Symeon.

"It is the home of angels."

"Are the angels visible?" Symeon enquired.

"Only to those who elect to follow their manner of life," answered John, and descanted to his companion on the charms of a monastic life. "Let us cast lots," he said, "whether we shall follow the road to the convent, or that which the caravan has pursued." They cast lots, and the decision was for the life of angels.

So they turned into the road that led to Jordan and the monastery, and as they went they encouraged each other. For, we are told, John feared lest the love Symeon bore to his old widowed mother would draw him back, and Symeon dreaded the effects of the remembrance of the fair young bride on John.

On reaching the monastery, which was that of St. Gerasimus, the abbot, named Nikon, received them cordially, and gave them a long address on the duties and excellencies of the monastic life. Then both fell at his feet and besought him at once to shear off their hair. The abbot hesitated, and spoke to each in private, urging a delay of a year, but Symeon boldly said, "My companion may wait, but I cannot. If you will not shear my head at once, I will go to some other monastery where they are less scrupulous." Then he added, "Father, I pray thee, ask the Lord to be gracious to and strengthen my comrade John, that the remembrance of his young wife, to whom has been only lately married, draw him not back."

And when the abbot spoke to John, "My father," said he, "pray for my comrade Symeon, who has a widowed mother of eighty years, and they have been inseparable night and day; he dearly loves her, and has been wont never to leave the old woman alone for two hours in the day. I fear me lest his love for his mother make him take his hand from the plough and look back."

So the abbot cut off their hair, and promised on the morrow to clothe them

with the religious habit. Then some of the members crowding round them congratulated the neophytes that on the morrow "they would be regenerated and cleansed from all sin." The young men, unaccustomed to monastic language, were alarmed, thinking that they were about to be re-baptized, and went to the abbot to remonstrate. He allayed their apprehensions by explaining to them that the monks alluded to their putting on the "angelic habit."

John and Symeon did not long remain in the abbey before a wish came upon them to leave it. Accordingly, in the night, they made their escape, and rambled in the desert to the east of the Dead Sea, till they lighted on a cave which had once been tenanted by a hermit, but was now without inhabitant. The date-palms and vegetables in the garden grew untouched, and the friends settled in the cave to follow the lives of the desert solitaries.

Their peace of mind was troubled for long by thoughts of the parent and wife left behind. "O Lord, comfort my old mother," was the incessant prayer of Symeon; "O Lord, dry the tears of my young wife," was the supplication of John. At length Symeon had a dream in which he saw the death of his mother, and shortly after John was comforted by a vision which assured him that his wife was no more.

After a while Symeon informed his comrade that he could not rest in the cave, but that he was resolved to serve God in the city. He felt there were souls to be saved in the world, and that he had a call to labour for their conversion.

This announcement filled John with dismay. He wept, and intreated Symeon not to desert him. "What shall I do alone, in this wild ocean of sand? O my brother, I thought that death alone would have separated us, and now thou tearst thyself away of thine own will. Thou knowest I have forsaken all my kindred, and I have thee only, my brother, and will my brother desert me?"

"Do thou, John, remember me in thy prayers here in the desert, whilst I struggle in the world; and I will also pray for thee. But go I must."

"Then," said John, solemnly, "be on thy guard, brother Symeon, lest what thou hast acquired in the desert be lost in the world; lest what silence has wrought, bustle destroy. Above all, beware lest that modesty, which seclusion from women has fostered, fail thee in

their society; and lest the body, wasted with fasting here, surfeit there. Beware, also, lest laughter take the place of gravity, and worldly solicitude break up the serenity of the soul."

He had good cause to give this advice, as the sequel proves; but Symeon gave no heed to the exhortation, answering, "Fear not for me, brother; I am not acting on my own impulse, but on a Divine call."

Then they wept on one another's shoulders, and Symeon promised to revisit his friend before he died.

John accompanied Symeon a little way, and then again they wept and embraced, and after that John sorrowfully returned to his cell, and Symeon set his face towards the world, and came to Jerusalem.

He spent three days in the Holy City, visiting the sacred sites, and then went to Emesa.

Hitherto his life had been, if not altogether commendable, yet at least respectable. But from this point his character changes. He simulated madness, his biographer says, with the motive of drawing down on himself the ridicule of the world. Unfortunately, it is abundantly clear, from the testimony of his panegyrist, that his mad sanctity was put on to cloak a licentious life, and to enable him to carry on the most infamous of all traffics.

Yet this scoundrel is venerated by Greeks and Russians as a saint, and Cardinal Baronius with culpable negligence introduced his name into the modern Roman Martyrology, and Papal infallibility has thrown the mantle of sanctity over his unsavory acts.

Alban Butler, the Père Giry, and the Abbé Guérin, and indeed all Roman Catholic hagiographers, give the former part of this history with some detail, and draw a curtain of pious platitudes over the second act of the drama. They state that the saint made himself a fool for Christ, but are very careful not to give the particulars of his folly.

It is hardly necessary to point out how untrue to history, how morally dishonest, such a course is.

The Jesuit Fathers, who continued the work of Bollandus, give the original Greek Life in their volume for July, but with searchings of heart. "If," say they, "our lucubrations could be confined to such small space as would suffice to give only the lives of those men whose memory is edifying and deserves imitation, never for a moment would it have entered

into our heads to give and illustrate the life of St. Symeon Salos. For towards the close of that life many things occur, silly, stupid, absurd, scandalous to the ignorant, and to the learned and better educated worthy of laughter rather than of faith."

But the unfortunate Bollandists were not at liberty to avoid the unpleasant task, as Symeon figured among the Saints of the Roman Calendar in these words: "At Emesa (on July 1) St. Symeon, Confessor, surnamed Salos, who became a fool for Christ. But God manifested his lofty wisdom by great miracles." July 1 is a mistake for July 21, the day on which St. Symeon is venerated in the East. Baronius was misled by a faulty manuscript of the Life which gave α for αα, as the day on which the saint died. It is a pity that, when he was transferring the day, he did not place St. Symeon Salos on the more appropriate 1st of April.

The only way in which I can account for this insertion in the Calendar is that Baronius read the first part of the Life, and was pleased with it, and did not trouble himself to conclude the somewhat lengthy manuscript. He therefore placed Symeon in his new Roman Martyrology, which received the approbation and imprimature of Pope Sixtus V. and afterwards of Benedict XIV.

The Martyrology for the day is read at Prime in all religious houses.

But to return to St. Symeon.

On reaching the outskirts of Emesa, Symeon found on a dung-heap a dead, half-putrefied dog. He unwound his girdle and attached the dog with it to his foot, and so entered the gate of the city and passed before a boys' school. The attention of the children was at once diverted from their books, and, in spite of the expostulation of their preceptor, they rushed out of school after Salos, like a swarm of wasps, shouting, "Heigh! here comes a crack-brained abbot!" and kicked the dog and slapped the monk.

Next day was Sunday. Symeon entered the church with a bag of nuts before him, and during the celebration of the Divine mysteries threw nuts at the candles and extinguished several of them. Then running up into the ambone or pulpit, he threw nuts at the women in the congregation, and hit them in their faces. Laughter and outcries interrupted the sacred service, and Symeon was expelled the church not, however, without offering a sturdy resistance.

Outside, the market-place must have

resembled one on a Sunday abroad at the present day, for it was full of stalls for the sale of cakes.* In rushing from the church officials, he knocked over the stalls, and the sellers beat him so unmercifully for his pains that he groaned in himself: "Humble Symeon; verily, verily, they will maul the life out of you in an hour!"

A seller of sour wine† saw him racing round the market-place, and, being in want of a servant, hailed him, and said, "Here, fellow; if you want a job, sell pulse for me."

"I am ready," answered Symeon. So he gave him pulse and beans and peas to sell, but the hermit, who had eaten nothing for a week, devoured the whole amount.

"This will never do," said the mistress of the house; "the abbot eats more than he sells. Here, fellow, what money have you taken?"

Symeon had neither money nor vegetables to show, so the woman turned him out of the house. The monk placidly seated himself on the doorstep, and proceeded to offer up his evening devotions. But these were not complete without the ritual adjunct of smoking incense. Symeon looked about for a broken pot in which to put some cinders; but finding none, he took some lighted charcoal in the palm of his hand, and strewed a few grains of incense upon it. The mistress of the house, smelling the fumes, looked out of the window, and exclaimed, "Gracious Heaven! Abbot Symeon, are you making a thurible of your hand?"‡ At that moment the charcoal began to burn his palm, and he threw the ashes into the lap of his coarse goat's hair mantle.

The taverner and his wife were so moved by the piety of Symeon, that they received him into the house, and employed him in selling vegetables, which duty he executed satisfactorily when his appetite was not exacting. They speedily found that Silly Symeon drew customers to their house, for Symeon laid himself out to divert them, and it became the rage for a time in Emesa for folk to visit the tavern, saying, "We must have our dinner and wine where that comical fool lives."

One day Symeon Salos saw a serpent put its head into one of the wine pitchers

* Ἐστρεψον τὰ ταβλία τῶν πλακουνταρίων.

† Εἰς φουσκάριον.

‡ Εἰς θεός, ἄββῃ Συμεὼν, εἰς τὴν χεῖρα σου θυμῶς;

in the tavern and drink. He took a stick and broke the pitcher, thinking that the serpent had spit poison into the wine. The publican was angry with Symeon for breaking the amphora, and, catching the stick out of his hand, cudgelled the poor monk with it, without listening to his explanation. On the morrow the serpent again entered the tavern, and went to the wine jars. The host saw it this time, and rushed after it with a stick, upsetting and breaking several amphoræ. "Ha, ha!" exclaimed Symeon, peeping out from behind the door, where he had concealed himself, "who is the biggest fool today?"*

The taverner did not show much kindness to Symeon; but this is hardly to be wondered at, when we hear that, summoned to his wife's bedroom by her cries, one night, he found it invaded by the saint, who was deliberately undressing in it for bed. This he did, says Leontius, Bishop of Neapolis, in order to lower the high opinion entertained of him by his master.† After this, as may well be believed, the taverner told the tale over his cups with much laughter to his guests, and with confusion to his man. In Lent the saint devoured flesh, but would not touch bread. "He is possessed," said the inn-keeper; "he insulted my wife, and he eats meat in Lent like an infidel."

In Emesa he picked up a certain John the Deacon, who admired his proceedings. To this John, the saint related the events of his former life; and from John, Leontius heard the story.

One day John the Deacon was on his way to the public baths, when he met Symeon. "You will be all the better for a wash, my friend," said the Deacon; "come with me to the baths."

"With all my heart," answered the monk, and he forthwith peeled off his clothes, wrapped them in a bundle, and set them on his head.

"My brother!" exclaimed the Deacon, "put on your clothes again. I cannot walk with you in the public street in this condition."

"Very well, friend, then I will walk first, and you can follow." And stark naked, bearing his bundle "like a faggot"

on his head, he stalked down the crowded thoroughfare.

The baths were divided into two parts, one for women, the other for men. Symeon ran towards the women's entrance.

"Not that way!" shouted the Deacon in alarm; "the other side is for men."

"Hot water here, hot water there," answered Symeon; "one is as good as the other;" and throwing down his bundle, he bounded into the ladies' compartment, and splashed in amongst the female bathers.

The women screamed, flew on him, beat, scratched, pushed him, and drove him ignominiously forth.

The biographer gravely informs us that on another occasion an unbelieving Jew saw Symeon privately bathing with two "angels," and would have told what he had seen had not Salos silenced him. It was only after the death of the saint that the Jew related the circumstance. The Christians concluded that the two lovely forms with whom Symeon was enjoying a dip were angels. "To such a pass of purity and impassibility had the saint attained," continues the Bishop of Neapolis, "that he often led the dance in public with an actress on each arm; he romped with actresses, and by no means infrequently allowed them to tickle his ribs and slap him."*

Indeed, his biographer tells some stories of his association with very fallen angels, which are anything but edifying.

His antics in the streets and marketplace became daily more outrageous. "Sometimes he pretended to hobble as if he were lame, sometimes he capered, sometimes he dragged himself along to the seats, then he tripped up the passers-by, and sent them sprawling; sometimes at the rising of the moon he would roll on the ground kicking. Sometimes he pretended to speak incoherently, for he said that this above all things suited those who were made fools for Christ. By this means he often refuted vice, or spat forth his bile against certain persons, with a view to their correction."

A Count, living near Emesa, heard of him, and said, "I will find out whether the fellow is a hypocrite or not."

As it happened, when the Count entered the city, he found Symeon's house-

* Τὶ ἔστιν ἐξηχε, ἰδε, οὐκ εἰμὶ ἐγὼ μόνος ἀπὲρ-
γῆς.

† Οὐλὼν οὖν ὁ Ὅσιος ἀναλίσσει τὴν οἰκοδομὴν αὐτοῦ, ἵνα μὴ θριαμβώσῃ αὐτὸν, ἐν μᾶ κοιμωμένης τῆς γυναικὸς αὐτοῦ μνήης, κρεῖσσον προβάλλοντος αὐτοῦ, ἐπέβη πρὸς αὐτὴν ὁ ἄββας Συμεὼν, καὶ ἐχηματίσατο ἀποδεδεσθαι τὸ ἱμάτιον αὐτοῦ, κ.τ.λ.

* Ὅστε ἔστιν ὅτε ἔβαλλον τὰς χεῖρας αὐτῶν τὰ ὤσμενα γέναια εἰς τὸν κόλπον αὐτοῦ, καὶ ἑσταυον, καὶ ἐκόπταον, καὶ ἐγαργάζον αὐτόν.

keeper* had hoisted her master upon her back, whilst another young woman administered to him a severe castigation with a leather strap. The Count, we are told, went away much scandalized. Salos wriggled off his housekeeper's back, ran after the Count, struck him on the cheek, then stripped off his own clothes, and danced in complete nudity before him up the street and down again.

Passing some girls dancing one day, and noticing that some of them had a cast in their eyes, he said, "My dears, let me kiss your pretty eyes and cure you of your squint."

One or two of the young women permitted him to kiss them, and, we are assured, were cured; after which, all the girls who thought they had something the matter with their eyes ran after Symeon to have theirs kissed. The deacon John invited him to dinner one day. Symeon went, and devoured raw bacon which was hanging up in the chimney, instead of what was provided for the guests. Symeon was fond of frequenting the houses of the wealthy, where, says his biographer, he sported with and kissed the maids.†

Two Fathers were troubled that Origen should be regarded as a heretic, and they asked the hermit John the reason. John bade them enquire of Symeon in Emesa. On reaching Emesa they found the monk in the tavern, with a bowl of boiled pulse before him, eating as voraciously "as a bear." "What is the use of consulting this Gnostic?" said one of the Fathers; "he knows nothing but how to crunch pulse."

"What is the matter with the pulse?" asked Symeon, starting up and boxing the hermit on the ears so that his face bore the mark for three days. "The pulse has been soaking for forty days, and is soft enough, I warrant ye! As for your Origen, he can't eat pulse, for he is at the bottom of the sea. And now take this for your pains!" and he flung the scalding pulse in their faces. His reason, Leontius tells us, was to prevent them from telling all men how he had read their purpose before they had spoken about Origen.

* Ἐβάσταζεν αὐτὸν μία προϊστάμενῃ, καὶ ἄλλῃ ἐλάριζεν, αὐτόν.

† Παλλὰκις δὲ προσποιεῖσθαι καταφιλεῖν τὰς δοῦλας. No wonder if one of them said "Ὁ Σαλὸς Συμεὼν ἐβίστατό με." The maid's mistress indignantly scolded Symeon, who replied with a smile, "Ἀφες, ἄφες, ταπεινὴ, ἄρτι γεννῶ σοι, καὶ ἔχεις μικρὸν Συμεῶν."

One Lord's Day, Symeon was given a chain of sausages.* He hung it over his shoulders like a stole, and filled his left hand with mustard. He ate all day at the sausages, flavouring them with the mustard, and smearing his face with it. This highly amused a rustic, who mocked him. Symeon rushed at him, and threw the mustard in his eyes. The man cried with pain, and Symeon bade him wash the mustard out of his eyes with vinegar. Now it happened that this man was suffering from ophthalmia, and the mustard and vinegar applied to his eyes loosened the white film that was forming over them, and it peeled off, and thus the man was cured.

Symeon had long ago left the service of the publican, and had taken a small cottage, which was only furnished with a bundle of faggots and a housekeeper. John the Deacon supplied him with food, but somehow Symeon managed to secure a store of excellent provisions, and the beggars and tramps of the town were accustomed to assemble in his hut occasionally for a grand feast. John the Deacon unexpectedly dropped in on one of these revels, and wondered where the "white wheaten bread, cheese-cakes, buns, fish, and wine of all sorts, dry and sweet, and, in short, whatsoever is to be found most dainty,"† had come from, which Symeon and his pretty housekeeper were serving out to the beggars and their wives. But when Symeon assured him that these good things had come down straight from heaven in answer to prayer, the Deacon went away wondering and edified. In the same way Symeon always had his pockets full of money. We find him bribing a woman of bad character to be his companion with a hundred gold pieces.‡ Many of these ladies sought his society with eagerness, "for," says his pious biographer, "he was always showing them large sums of money, for he had as much as he wanted, God always invisibly supplying him with funds for his purpose." Whence came this money? For what purpose was it used? Why was the saint so continually found in the society of these women, or among the female servants of the wealthy citizens?

* Σιρὸν σαλκιῶν.

† Σιλιγγια, καὶ πλακοῦντας, καὶ σφαίρια, καὶ ὀφάρια, καὶ οἰνῖρια διάφορα, ψαθῖρια, καὶ γλυκὴ, καὶ ἄλλως ὅσα πάντα ἔχει ὁ βίος λιμζῶ.

‡ Ἔστι γὰρ ὅτε καὶ τοῦτο ἔλεγε πρὸς μίαν τῶν ἐταυρίδων θέλεις ἔχει σε φίλην καὶ δίδω σοι ἑκάτον ὀλοκοτίνα.

It is scarcely possible to avoid the conclusion that he was made use of to carry on intrigues, and exercise the most odious of professions.

Early in the morning Symeon was wont to leave his hut, twine a garland of herbs, break a bough from a tree, and thus crowned and sceptred enter the city. John the Deacon asked the monk how it was that he never saw him having his hair cut, nor with his hair long. Symeon assured him that this was in answer to prayer. He had supplicated Heaven that he might be saved the trouble of having recourse to a barber, and Heaven had heard him; all which John the Deacon fully believed.

When death approached, Symeon revisited his friend John, in the wilderness, who probably did not find his old comrade much improved in morals and manners by his residence in town.

He then returned to Emesa, and was found dead one morning under his bundle of faggots.

The service in the Roman Church for this illustrious saint, to be used by those who are pleased to commemorate him, is the common for Confessors not Bishops. One of the antiphons for the Psalms is, "Well done, good servant, because thou hast been faithful in a little, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Another is, "A faithful and wise servant, whom the Lord hath set over His household." Neither strikes one as singularly appropriate. The chapter for vespers is from Eccles. xxxi.: "Blessed is the man that is found without blemish, that hath not gone after gold, nor put his trust in riches and treasures. Who is he, and we will praise him? for in his life he hath done wonderful things." And the antiphon to the Magnificat has in it a fine touch of irony, "I will liken him to a wise man that build his house upon a rock."

The Bollandists say of his deeds that they are "*miranda sed non imitanda*," but they touched on dangerous ground, for in the collect for this festival, good Catholics pray, "Mercifully grant, that as we celebrate his birthday to immortality, we may also imitate his actions."

As it happens, the 1st of July, on which day Symeon Salos is set down in the Roman Calendar, was not his "birthday to immortality," for he died on July 21, and we hope it will be a long time before good Catholics attempt to imitate the actions of such a scoundrel.

The remarks of Alban Butler are not a little amusing. "Although we are not

obliged in every instance to imitate St. Symeon, and though it would be rash even to attempt it without a special call; yet his example ought to make us blush"—we should think so, indeed—"when we consider"—ah!—"with what an ill-will we suffer the least things that hurt our pride."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

CHINA'S FUTURE PLACE IN PHILOLOGY.

"China's Place in Philology" is the name of a book, by the Rev. Mr. Edkins, which suggests the title to this short paper. That volume deals with the Chinese language in the past, and its relation to the origin of words. The purpose intended by these notes is much less ambitious; instead of tracing language back through the dim ages that are past, it is here simply proposed to suggest the probabilities as to the future modes of speech among the celestials. The past of all language is as yet only in a very theoretic state; and in the nature of things all speculation as to its future must be equally so. The ideas to be explained assume the continued dominance of a race—and one, moreover, which will, by means of trade or conquest, remain an influence in China; though of course it must be admitted that the continuation of this influence is an element of uncertainty in the speculation. Still, the writer is of opinion that no one who knows China, and is acquainted with the powers and influences of Westerns in the East, will refuse the assumption, that not only shall we maintain the position we have acquired, but that most probably that position will become stronger; that new ports will be opened, and our relations with the people become more intimate and powerful than ever.

Taking all this for granted, it is proposed to consider the future of that strange jargon known as "Pigeon English," a language resulting from the meeting of East and West in the ports of China. This language, if such it may be called, derives its name from a series of changes in the word *Business*. The early traders in China, made constant use of this word, and the Chinaman contracted it to *Busin*, and then through the change of *Pishin* to *Pigeon*. In this last form it still retains its original meaning, and people talk of whatever business they

may have in hand as their "pigeon." All mercantile transactions between the Chinese and the Europeans are carried on in this new form of speech. Domestic servants, male and female, have to learn it to qualify themselves for situations with the "Outer Barbarians;" but the newest and most important feature of all is, that the Chinese themselves are, to a certain extent, adopting this language. This is owing to the fact that men of different provinces cannot understand each other's dialect. The written Mandarin character, however, could be read and understood all over China, and the provincials used to write what they wished to say in this character, and could thus manage to do business together. But now, if they both should happen to know "Pigeon English," they use it as the means of communication. A lingua-franca was needed, and the common necessity has supplied the demand.

It may be premature to call Pigeon English a language. It is only the beginning of one. Although facts can be expressed by it, it is in a most defective condition; so much so, that an Englishman, when he first reaches China, is very much amused at what seems to him a relic of Babel. If it should be his fate to remain in the country, he dislikes to adopt it; his sense of good manners makes it distasteful to him to speak such a jargon, for it sounds like making a fool of the party addressed. Here we get an evidence of the power of growth which this infantile speech is possessed of, for however reluctant any one may be to speak it, he is forced by the necessity of the case to do so. I was only a traveller for a few months in China, but I found myself obliged to acquire the habit of speaking what seemed to me, at first, nonsensical rubbish. I could not get on without it. On my arrival I got a Chinese servant—servants in China are all called "boys," in fact this is one of the words of Pigeon English: and it is scarcely necessary to state that it is not derived from the Irish. It is usual to breakfast about twelve o'clock, and it is customary to have some tea, toast, and perhaps an egg served in your bed-room when you get up, and before dressing. The first morning I expressed my wishes on this matter in my usual way of talk, and the "boy" went off smiling, as if he understood my meaning; but as he did not come back, I made some inquiries at my friends in the house. They asked what I said to the "boy," and I repeated the words as near

as I could recollect them, to the effect that I wanted some breakfast, and would like it immediately. I was then told that I might as well have talked Greek to him, and that I ought to have said, "Catchey some chow-chow chop-chop." *Chow-chow* is understood in this as something to eat, and the last double word is equivalent to "quick-quick." Had I been a comic actor, and the ordering my breakfast been a farce, it might have been possible to feel that I was saying the right thing in this way. That not being my "pigeon," I felt reluctant to do it; but when eating, drinking, and all your wants are found to depend upon its use, you soon give in; and here is the source of growth in the language, and the reason why it advances and spreads in China.

One would suppose that such a mode of speaking could only have a temporary existence, but these facts are given to show that such will not be the case, and that there is no chance of its dying out. On the contrary, we have the Chinese now adopting it among themselves as a means of communication. There is nothing new in this; it is only history repeating itself. We have on record the growth of other languages which must have begun under similar conditions. A notable instance of this is the language known as Hindostanee. Its origin dates from the Mahomedan conquest of India. It was named the *Oordoo*, or "camp language," because it grew up in the "camp" of the invaders. The conquerors and the conquered spoke entirely different languages, and as a consequence their means of communication at first must have been only fragmentary. Each, however, acquired broken bits of the other's speech, and time at last welded the whole into a language. It has now a grammar based on the Hindoo or Sanscrit, and an ample dictionary, where it will be found that about three-fourths of the words belong to the language of the invading Power. This has long been the lingua-franca of India. Many languages are spoken there, but this one will carry you over nearly the whole length and breadth of the country. The pure Farsee, or Persian, remained, and is still considered the *burra-bat*, or high-court language. Of course the camp might jabber any combination of sounds it found most suited to its wants, but the dignity of a Court could not submit to the introduction of such barbarisms. And for the same reason Pigeon English would scarcely yet be a fit language for St. James's or

Windsor Castle. Imagine a Chinese Embassy, with the principal personage in it explaining to Her Majesty that he is "one piecey ambassador; that belongey my pigeon. Emperor of China, one very muchy big piecey Emperor, &c." Clearly this style of talk is not likely to be used for diplomatic purposes for some time.

Pigeon English is as yet in such a very rudimentary form, that to talk of its grammar or vocabulary would only raise a smile among those familiar with it. When you hear it spoken it sounds like the utter defiance of all grammar; and yet if we are to remain in the country, as the Mahomedans did in India; if we are to retain our commercial camps—and our treaty-ports in that country are exactly such—and if we, and the Americans at the same time, go on extending our commerce, a common language is an absolute condition of the case, and this new form of speech must progress. Already its idiomatic forms are becoming defined and understood. Chinese modes of expression are curiously mixed with English ones. The interrogative form is purely Chinese. Suppose you wish to ask a man if he can do anything for you, the sentence is put, "Can do? No can do?" and the reply is given by repeating whichever sentence expresses his abilities. It is the same with "Understand? No understand?" "Piecey" is a word that is largely used, and clearly has its origin in our own language of commerce which talks of "a piece of goods;" but with the Chinaman everything is a "piecey." He does not say "one man," but "one piecey man." There are a few Hindostanee words in use, such as "chit," for a letter, "tiffin," for lunch, and "bund," for a quay or an embankment. The word "Mandarin" is from the Portuguese; "Dios" of the same language became "Joss," and is a well-known word in China, Joss-house, or God-house—meaning a Temple—being derived from it. "Savey" is from the Portuguese, and is always used as the equivalent of "know." To have, or to be connected with, is always expressed by "belongey." If you wish to say an article is not yours, you express it thus: "That no belongey me;" or if anything is not an affair of yours, you say, "That no belongey my pigeon." This terminal *ey* of "belongey" is one of the forms which is peculiar to this new language. From it we have "supposey," "talkey," "walkey," "catchey," &c. The Portuguese "savey," which was one of the

first words in use, may be the original root of this form. Many of the words in use are of unknown origin. In a number of cases the English suppose them to be Chinese, while the Chinese, on the other hand, take them to be English. "Chow-chow" is one of these words. I heard my own servant tell some of his countrymen that "Chow-chow" was the English for "food." It was on the bank of the Yang-tsee, near Nankin; they were country people, and as he could converse with me, he no doubt seemed to them a perfectly safe authority. A good many Chinese words are of course used, but the bulk of the vocabulary is English.

It is not very satisfactory to look forward even to the bare possibility of such a caricature of our tongue becoming an established language. Should this ever be the result, translations into it of our classic authors will become a necessity. Shakespeare and Milton turned into Pigeon English are fearful even to think of. There is a translation already in existence from one of our dramatists. It begins something in this way:—

My name belongey Norval, top-
Side galow that Grampian hill My
Father catchey chow-chow for him piecey
Sheep, &c.

The Missionary "pigeon" will also in due time demand a translation of the Bible into this very vulgar tongue. Death has many consolations, and to the number may be added this new one, that before the consummation foretold above can be realized, we will have passed away, and our ears will be deaf to the hideous result.

Suppose any book for which you had reverence, or even a favourite piece of poetry whose words your lips loved to repeat—imagine your feelings on hearing it converted into something like the following. It is a translation of "Excelsior" into Pigeon English. It may be necessary to explain to those whose education has been neglected in this Language of the Future, that "topside" means above, as the opposite of "bottomside." "Galow" is untranslatable, but added to "topside" the phrase becomes exclamatory, and is the nearest equivalent to Excelsior. "Chop-chop" means quick-quick, but anything such as a stamp, monogram or device, would be called a "chop." "Maskey" is another of those words whose origin is unknown. It has to do a great deal of

duty in Pigeon English. In the following it means "notwithstanding." To "chin-chin Joss" is to worship God: to chin-chin a person is to salute him. By placing the original alongside of the

translation the reader will easily make out the remainder of the piece. The moral, it will be noticed, is by the Pigeon English translator.

W. SIMPSON.

TOPSIDE-GALOW!

That nightey time begin chop chop,
One young man walkey — no can stop.
Maskey snow! maskey ice!
He carry flag wid chop so nice —
"Topside-galow!"

Him muchey sorry, one pieceny eye
Looksee sharp — so — all same my.
Him talkey largey, talkey strong,
Too muchey curio — all same gong —
"Topside-galow!"

Inside house him can see light,
And every room got fire all right,
He lookey plenty ice more high,
Inside him mouth he plenty cry —
"Topside-galow!"

Ole man talkey "no can walk!"
By'm bye rain come — werry dark,
"Have got water, werry wide."
"Maskey! my must go topside" —
"Topside-galow!"

"Man-man!" One girley talkey he,
"What for you go topside looksee?"
And one time more he plenty cry,
But all time walkey plenty high —
"Topside-galow!"

"Take care! that spoil'um tree young man
Take care that ice! He want man-man!"
That coolie chin-chin he good night,
He talkey "my can go all right."
"Topside-galow!"

Joss-pigeon man he soon begin,
Morning-time that Joss chin-chin,
He no man see — him plenty fear,
Cos some man talkey — he can hear!
"Topside-galow!"

That young man die, one large dog see,
Too muchey bobbey findy he;
He hand belong colo — all same ice,
Have got flag, with chop so nice.
"Topside-galow!"

EXCELSIOR!

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
"Excelsior!"

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
"Excelsior!"

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
"Excelsior!"

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
"Excelsior!"

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest,
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
"Excelsior!"

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night!
A voice replied, far up the height,
"Excelsior!"

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
"Excelsior!"

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner, with the strange device,
"Excelsior!"

MORAL.

You too muchey laugh! What for sing?
I think so you no savey what thing!
Supposey you no b'long clever inside,
More better you go walk topside!
"Topside-galow!"

From The Cornhill Magazine.

LEGENDS OF OLD AMERICA.

In our present state of geographical knowledge there seems to be some danger lest all the old travellers' stories which amused our youth should perish and be forgotten. Yet there was always something pleasant, and even fascinating, in the fairy-tales of travel which had struck the imagination of our ancestors; and there is still a charm in any evidence which goes to show that Pliny and Polo and the author of Sindbad's voyages were not liars, but romantic enthusiasts retailing a poetical and inferior kind of truth about facts which have since become familiar. It is fortunate, therefore, that the industry of bookworms, and perhaps the influences of national vanity, have kept alive some of the histories of discovery (valueless in themselves), which startled or amused our forefathers. Among these are the legends relating to American discoveries with which this sketch is concerned; and we may, perhaps, account for their preservation by the fact that the more modern the history of a nation, or the more meagre it may be in details of ancient greatness, the more eagerness will be shown to collect and elucidate the smallest scraps of legend which can give importance to the memory of older generations. It is proposed, in this essay, to describe very shortly, some of the principal stories about the pre-Columbian America, which in the hands of Danish and American antiquarians have acquired an exaggerated importance: their value lying, as it appears, midway between the indifference which they received at first, and the incredulity which afterwards prevailed as to the facts on which undoubtedly they were based.

The existence of a world in the west had of course been suspected long before the discovery of America. We may put aside the legend of the great island Atlantis, which Plato heard from the Egyptian priests, and with which, in later times, were incorporated all the fantastic stories which were brought home by the first travellers among the negro tribes. But one or two of the stories which floated about in old times are curious enough to be still worthy of notice. An ancient German chief was reported to have sent as a choice present to the Consul Metellus certain Indians, who losing their course and being battered up and down with contrary winds were shipwrecked in the North Sea and taken alive. Some

commentators will have it that these were some of our own British ancestors so be-painted and disguised with woad as to be mistaken for eastern savages. However this may be, the story reminds us of another, told in modern times by Bembo the Venetian historian, with reference to the then recent discoveries of Columbus. A French ship, sailing in the Narrow Seas, is said to have picked up a canoe built of ozers and bark: in this were seven swarthy men, whose faces were peculiarly broad and tattooed or stained with a violet colour; their dress was of fishes' skins and their crowns were woven of reeds and twisted in the shape of ears. "Flesh they eat raw and they drank blood like wine." Six of them soon died, but the survivor is said to have lived for a long time in the retinue of the French king.

How legends of this kind originated it is not easy to say. Some, perhaps, were mere impostures, and others created by the desire of believing in the Fortunate Islands "lying beyond the sunset," like the enchanted land which Irish fishermen have professed to see shining on the horizon west of Arran. Some may have had a real foundation. Many secrets of the sea must have become known to the bold sailors who traded between Carthage and the Tin Islands and Amber Coast. They certainly claimed some knowledge of lands in the Atlantic, which, perhaps, were the Azores, and other discoveries may have been made

When the Phœnician sailors far astray
Had brought uncertain notices away
Of islands dreaming in the Middle Sea.

Their pilots were bold enough to explore the recesses of the ocean without compass or astrolabe, and fanciful writers have depicted the incidents of the possible voyage: "Ils continuaient dans l'Ouest durant quatre lunes sans rencontrer de rivages, mais la proue des navires s'embarrassait dans les herbes: des brouillards couleur de sang obscurcissaient le soleil, une brise tout chargée de parfums endormait les équipages: et ils ne pouvaient rien dire, tant que leur mémoire était troublée."

Wales was the home of other legends of this kind: and the bards were fond of singing of the famous voyages, which were called the Three Disappearances. The first was the sailing of Merlin and his companions in the Ship of Glass; the second was the voyage of Gavran the Discoverer, who went in the fifth century

to search the western ocean for the "gwerdonau lllion," the Green Islands famous in British songs. The third was the voyage of Prince Madoc, the hero of Southey's somewhat tedious epic. He sailed in the year 1170, and after some time came back with glowing accounts of the new world across the waters, so that many ships were fitted out to accompany his second voyage; they never were heard of again, and this was the "third disappearance." The question regarding the fate of Madoc's crews was once considered important enough to be discussed in councils of state. Queen Elizabeth's ministers are said to have debated whether a title to the Spanish Main might not be rested upon Madoc's occupation of the new world. But the claim was never prosecuted either from its inherent absurdity, or (to borrow the historian's courtly phrase) "because the queen was not of that kind to put her scythe into another man's harvest."

Many attempts were made in the last century to find the lost Welsh tribe. In 1791 a Dr. Williams published a very learned inquiry into the discovery of America by his countrymen, and about the same time the subject received a full discussion in several numbers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the source, as we may suppose, of Southey's inspiration. Some years previously, Mr. Binon, a gentleman of Glamorgan, penetrating to the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, was fortunate enough, by his own account, to see the lost tribes again. If we might believe the traveller's tale, they recognized their common nationality, and showed him a castle and a church and a roll of sacred books which neither he nor they could read. Soon afterwards the French governor of Canada sent some priests to visit the same Indians, and they returned with no fresh information, but with several of the Welsh Bibles which Mr. Binon had left with his friends. Several other expeditions were sent from Wales, of course without success. In the course of one of these the Missouri valley was thoroughly explored, and the travellers have left an interesting account of the scenery and of the great river "here winding softly through the plains, and elsewhere forcing its way and running furiously through hills and mountains full of mines."

The Irish claimed the merit of similar discoveries, and as early as the tenth century legends were current concerning a "Whitemans-land," or Great Ireland

over the Sea. These stories rested upon the vaguest rumours, and would hardly have been worth mentioning if so much importance had not been attached to them in the publications of the society of Northern Antiquaries. One is amazed to see the precision with which the boundaries of these fabulous regions were laid down in the society's maps. All the lately confederated states are included within these boundaries, the coast-line running from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, the Rocky Mountains forming a substantial western limit. The northern frontier was fixed by the evidence of a very ancient Saga, mentioning the capture by the Norsemen of certain Esquimaux children, who spoke of a country to the south of their own where the people "wore white dresses and carried poles with flags and lappets, shouting loudly as they walked;" and Humboldt himself was half inclined to believe that this story related to the Great Ireland, and afforded an indication of the existence of Christianity in America at that early date. The men in white carrying poles and shouting as they walked were of course taken to represent the Christian priests walking in religious procession. To show the feebleness of the evidence which is considered to be sufficient in matters of this kind, the southern limit of this legendary country was fixed by the Danish antiquarians by reference to the evidence of an old Shawanee Indian who lived somewhere in Florida about a hundred years ago. His name was Black-hoof, which they have lengthened into the Roman majesty of *Blackhoofus Indianus*, and he is said to have heard in his youth that white men had come to Florida many hundreds of years ago: and that is all. Sir Walter Scott translated another story about the Irish colony (in the *Eyrbiggia Saga*), and several other old books contain allusions to the legend. Importance has been attached to these tales as showing an ancient belief among sailors long before the time of Columbus "that a north-east wind would take a ship from Ireland to another country in the west; but it may well be doubted whether the least historical importance can be attached to any Saga which does not deal expressly with the acts of well-known chiefs or kings, or with events of real national importance. In composing the minor romances of Northern Europe, the sole object seems to have been to while away with dramatic fables the long winter nights; and the domestic audience was

unlikely to be severe in demanding more than a slight foundation of likelihood or fact.

We have much more precise information as to the visits of the early Greenland colonists to the continent of America. It was indeed doubted at one time whether Old Greenland itself was not a creation of Scandinavian romance. But the actual remains of the colony have been brought to light, and modern discoveries have verified the ancient descriptions of the country, its climate, and products. Besides the foundations and walls of houses, now overgrown with dwarf willows and scurvy-grass, large churches and portions of graveyards have been found in the situations mentioned in the ancient Icelandic records. In one plain, once a meadow, but now overgrown with dandelions and juniper-brush, many fragments of coarse bell-metal, parts of church-bells, were picked up by the natives and hoarded as specimens of gold. Runic inscriptions have been found as far north as the Woman Islands in lat. 72° 55m, and the most recent expeditions have confirmed the existence of all the natural landmarks mentioned by the chroniclers. Their "veins of gold" are shown to be deposits of iron pyrites; the warm winds in winter, which seemed so marvellous to the ancient colonists, have been described by Sir L. M'Clintock, and the hot springs of Onartok confirm the old Norseman's account of the boiling fountains at which the monks in Greenland cooked their food. Greenland was colonized at the end of the tenth century, and the settlement prospered for four hundred years. After the devastations of the Black Death the settlers had to recede gradually before the advance of the Esquimaux or "Skrœlings," and a valuable account of the state of the country just before the time when intercourse with Europe ceased, is to be found in *Purchas' Pilgrims*. Ivor Bardson, high steward to the bishop, was sent to the northern parts of the colony to drive back the Esquimaux. "There," he wrote, "is still standing a church where formerly our bishop dwelt: but now the wild Skrœlings have all that land, and there are many cattle but no people, Christian or heathen, but all have been carried off by the enemy the Skrœlings." That is the last which was heard of the doomed colony, and no one knows the fate of the last handfuls of settlers. Danish writers have been fond of imagining the migrations of their countrymen to the icebound

recesses of the east coast of Greenland, where they are supposed to remain "carrying on a perpetual war with the savages in revenge for the ruin of their ancestors." But this is a mere fancy which has been gradually disproved, and except in the books of the antiquarians and the vague rumours of the seas, the memory of Old Greenland has long since passed away.

To the first settlers in Greenland is ascribed the honour of having colonized the American continent. Their adventures are detailed in eight long chapters of an old Icelandic Saga, and have formed the subject of many learned books in modern times, of which the most remarkable is the *Antiquitates Americanae*, a sumptuous folio published by Professor Rafn for the Society of Northern Antiquaries. The story may be very shortly summarized. In the voyage to Greenland a ship's crew had noticed land to the south-west, which some of the colonists determined to explore. Starting from Baffin's Bay, they soon came to an island bare of all vegetation, "and there were great snow mountains up the country, but all between them and the shore was a flat field of snow, and it seemed a worthless place." This they named Helluland or Flat Country, and little interest would ever have been excited by the discovery if the modern *savants* had not chosen to include in its boundaries, all that is now Labrador and Newfoundland; and this seems the more absurd when we consider that the Labrador coast includes the grassy slopes of Hamilton Inlet and the larch-covered hills of Sandwich Bay, which bloom like a garden in the summer months.

The voyagers (to return to the ancient story) sailed on for three days and arrived at a flat well-wooded coast, which they named Markland: "the shore for a great distance was formed of a white sand, sloping gently from the sea." This country has been identified with the whole of Nova Scotia, in order that the Norsemen may have the credit of having seen as much of America as possible in the time of their visit. Then sailing south-west for two days with a fair wind, they are said to have reached a coast trending east and west, and passing between an island and a projecting headland to have run up a river with great shoals at its mouth. "They towed the ship up the river and into a lake, where they anchored, and set up their tents on the land. They resolved to winter there,

and built a great house. There was plenty of salmon in the river and in the lake, larger than any which they had seen before. This country appeared so good to them that they thought it needless to gather food for the cattle in the winter; and during the winter there was no frost, and the grass was hardly withered." One day a German, who was of their crew, found grapes growing wild in the woods, which caused the new country to be named Vineland the Fair. "And it is said that, when they returned, their boat was filled with grapes, and they cut a cargo of wood for their ship; there was also self-sown wheat in the plains, and a tree which they called *Massur* (supposed to be the maple): of all these they took samples, and some of the trees were so large as to be used in building houses." These latter words point rather to the small larch and spruce of Labrador, than to the Canadian forests: but some parts of the description appear to agree with the account given by the early settlers of the shores of the St. Lawrence. "The river (says a traveller of the sixteenth century) has many little islands and is amazingly full of fish: the country pleasant and indifferently fertile, especially to the south-west, where upwards from the river the ground rises into little hills, invested most of them with vines, with which the country abounds; and in the plains it is very fruitful of corn and all kinds of grain."

Without attempting to account for all the fanciful details of the Icelandic story, which was apparently written in its present shape about four hundred years after the event, we may confess that there is some ground for the belief that the grapes and corn were actually seen by the Greenland sailors. Snorro Sturleson, the great historian, speaks of a very ancient tradition that a mission was sent about the year 1006 to introduce Christianity into the new settlement in Greenland, and that the missionaries' ship was driven from her course to a new land in the south. "Leif went to Greenland in the summer; in the sea he saved a crew clinging to a wreck; he also found Vineland the Fair, and arrived about harvest-time in Greenland with the priest and the teachers;" and there is a piece of remarkable evidence which goes far to prove the truth of the main point in the story. Adam of Bremen, who wrote in the eleventh century a work upon the geography of the north, cited the personal statement of Sweyn the Second, King of

Denmark, that certain of his sailors had found a land in the west where self-sown vines and corn had been found growing in perfection. And from these short notices of the traditionary fact, it is very possible that the later stories with their fanciful and minute details were afterwards elaborated. It is not necessary to examine these details minutely, unless we approach their study with the faith or credulity of a great professor, who tells us that "the party sent out in the year 1006 to explore the southern coast probably examined the shores of Connecticut, New York, Delaware, and Maryland: and their account of these coasts is quite correct."

There is a later manuscript which differs in many points from the story before mentioned. It is full of the most marvellous impossibilities, but its authority has been placed very high by several Danish and American writers. Its truth has been sustained by the discovery of Norse remains in America, which are found in sufficient quantities to supply the archæological demand. Mr. Longfellow immortalized in one of his ballads the windmill on Rhode Island, which the Danes have claimed as a round tower built by some of the Greenland wanderers. The story of the tower and of "the Viking bold" is, as he says, sufficiently well established for the purposes of a ballad, "though doubtless many an honest citizen, who has passed his days within sight of the round tower, will exclaim with Sancho, 'God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care, for that it was nothing but a windmill, and nobody could mistake it who had not the like in his head.'" Besides the mill, there was found a stone in the Taunton river on which the fragment of a Runic inscription was imagined to have been discovered, concerning which some passable jokes may be read in the Biglow Papers. The crew, whose adventures are recorded in the later Saga, are said to have sailed from Greenland to the sandy shores previously discovered, and there to have sent a Scotch man and woman, "fleeeter than wild beasts," to explore the inland parts, who returned in three days with grapes and an ear of wheat. Then they found an island covered with nesting eider-ducks, which some will have to be *Egg Island* near Newport. Here they passed the winter, some of the crew parting company in disgust "at not having tasted a drop of wine," and being eventually wrecked on the coast of Ireland.

The others went on exploring to the southward till they arrived at the river and lake which the first body of settlers had discovered, and here they saw the vines and fields of corn, but were driven away by Esquimaux, who attacked them with a fleet of skin canoes. On their northward journey they met a Uniped, or One-foot-man, "of glittering appearance," who shot a Greenland captain and ran away across the sea. Avoiding the region of the One-foot-men, they proceeded north; but by a sudden turn of the legend we find them passing a third winter upon the Island of Eggs, where Snorro Thorfinnson was born, who has been claimed as an ancestor by the sculptor Thorwaldson, Professor Finn Magnusen, and other distinguished persons. To make the story short, the wanderers sailed home from Vineland the Fair with some Esquimaux children whom they had captured. From these children they learned of the Esquimaux kings Avaldemon and Valdidida, and of tribes who lived in holes underground, like the Wallussian families whom Mr. Whympster some time since described; and the same children are the authority for the processions of chaunting priests in the Great Ireland, in which, as we have said, Humboldt was inclined to believe.

However absurd it may seem to discuss the details of this story, there is not a rock or a bay mentioned in it which has not been identified by learned enthusiasts, and it is a remarkable thing that even the most trivial names of places mentioned in the Saga are found to have remained in use unaltered to the present day. Here (we are gravely told) is Egg Island; here is Whale Rock; and near it is Martha's Vineyard, where the original grapes were found. On the authority of these stories, which, as we have seen, have in all probability a small foundation of fact, an attempt has several times been made to deprive Columbus of the honour of his discoveries. His journal mentions a visit which he made in 1477 "to Thule or Friesland, a country with which the Bristol merchants had a thriving trade." This entry probably refers to the Faroe Islands, where the tide in one or two places reaches a surprising height, which is noticed by Columbus in his account of this "Friesland," which is a name that was given to these islands by several early writers. But it has been insisted that the Thule of Columbus must be Iceland: and if so, it is said that he may have been entertained by a certain bishop

who is thought to have had in his possession the ancient manuscripts of which we have given some account. The inference is, of course, that he learned the existence of America from the bishop, and artfully concealed the fact. But even if he did visit Iceland, we should remember that the natives at that time had almost forgotten the existence even of their colony in Greenland, and that it was not until long after the death of Columbus that any importance was attached to these dim traditions. Besides, Columbus was looking for a western route to India, and was not likely to search for the grapes and wheat, the white furs and Esquimaux tribes, of Vineland the Fair.

There are other legends relating to early discoveries of America which it is not now worth while to detail. The travels of Nicolo Zeno the Venetian, in which the marvels of Cuba and Mexico are mixed up with descriptions of Greenland and the Faroe Islands (and apparently of Scotland), would be curious if they had not been published half a century after the voyages of Columbus. The American portions of Zeno's voyage are probably nothing more than a clumsy interpolation into a genuine narrative of an Italian merchant's travels.

It has been a favourite amusement with one class of antiquarians to speculate upon finding the descendants of the Norsemen or other ancient settlers upon the American seaboard. Charlevoix and other more recent travellers have described a fair-skinned tribe of Indians in Labrador whom the other Indians called "Manooli Conde," or white men. These men have been held to be the descendants of the Icelandic colonists, "who, for want of ships, or perhaps of their own choice, have forgotten their native land." Other learned writers will have these Indians to be Welsh, or Faroese, or Irishmen, according to the faith which each is disposed to give to one or other of the legends of Old America.

From The Saturday Review.
WOMEN AT SCHOOL.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY used to hold that there was one characteristic distinction between men and women. When men, he said, were spoken of disparagingly as a whole, they were apt to coincide; but when any particular man was attacked, they usually stood up for him,

and did their best to show that he was not such a bad sort of fellow after all. On the other hand—this was Whately's theory, and we accept no responsibility for it—women were extremely sensitive as to the general character of their sex, while quite ready to join in cutting up the sisterhood in detail. It would be interesting to know what feelings will be excited in the female mind by the Report which has just been issued by the Cambridge Syndicate for the Examination of Women. The Syndicate affect to report, on the whole, very favourably of the industry and intelligence of the majority of the candidates who appeared before them at the different centres, but they take upon themselves to make some remarks which, we fear, will be thought to be offensively characteristic of the arrogance and presumption of man.

It is stated that only a few candidates, when examined in the *Horæ Paulinæ*, showed a knowledge of the book and a real hold on the argument, while most of them, although acquainted more or less with Paley's facts, exhibited great weakness in applying them conclusively. Most of the candidates had evidently studied the Scriptures very carefully, but "the answers to a question which asked for a careful summary of 1 Cor. xv. seemed to show that not more than two or three candidates had read the chapter so as to master its method and connection." The ladies came out strongly in arithmetic; but in English history they are sarcastically advised to "avoid mere fluency of expression"; and in English literature "the besetting error was irrelevance." Thus, when a brief summary of the *Hydriotaphia* was asked for, the result was that a great many accounts, the reverse of brief, were presented, not of the work, but of Sir Thomas Browne, the writer of it. It is remarked that it was observable that several candidates who complained of want of time, had signally misspent the time allowed them. The examiner further noticed great "good will," but "a very prevalent inaccuracy." In English composition the examiner discovered a weakness for slang and a tendency to flippancy, and "too many of the writers did not sufficiently consider the meaning of the subject which they selected." One of the subjects which were set was to fix the place of the novel in modern literature; but many of the candidates started off at a tangent, and expatiated on the bad effects of reading novels. The examiner endeavours to take

the edge off these home-thrusts by suggesting that, after all, he has in his time read worse essays by men. The examiner may be a very learned man in his own way, but he clearly knows very little about women if he thinks to appease their natural indignation by a paltry concession of this kind.

We have very little doubt that women will see through the flimsy pretence of courtesy and conciliation under which the examiners endeavour to disguise this attack upon the general character of the sex, and especially on those very points on which women are known to be most sensitive. A woman will stand a good deal, but no woman with the least spirit ever submitted without an explosion to an insinuation that she was not a person of a logical turn of mind. Even the patient Griselda, who allowed her children to be taken from her one by one, would no doubt have startled her spouse by the sudden energy of her character if he had chanced to say, "My dear, it is really no use trying to argue with you, for women are always so illogical." All women are logical; and whether they are logical or not doesn't matter, for all the same they have a right to be considered so—this is the first great principle blazoned on the banner of the sex. Yet here we find a sneering examiner pointing out that only one candidate in logic showed a thorough grasp of the subject, and that he found it exceedingly "difficult to obtain a clear statement and ready application of important definitions and theorems." All this is quite of a piece with the malicious and impertinent suggestions of the examiners, that women are discursive and rambling, and that when they sit down to try to write a short account of one subject, they generally write a long account of something else. The difficulty of obtaining "a clear statement" from a lady is also a very stale bit of satire. The examiner in Latin remarks that the general impression produced on his mind by the work done was "that the knowledge shown was in most cases rather due to a retentive memory than actually assimilated with the mind and thought of the candidates." This is put in a very fine way, and perhaps the examiner may have flattered himself that there was something clever in the sonorous turn of his malignant epigram; but we can fancy we hear a female chorus crying, "So women are parrots, are they?" And it must be confessed that this is really what it comes to. The French examiner of

course has his hit with the rest. He thinks it may not be amiss to warn candidates against rendering into verse passages which they are expected to render into prose. Here again is one of the old sarcasms on women, that they think the hard, plain prose of life not good enough for them, and are always wanting to soar into the region of poetry. The same spirit animates the whole of these reports. They are full of jeering allusions to all those little weaknesses reference to which is known to be peculiarly offensive to the gentler sex. It may be true that women have a relish for racy language, and there are no doubt rumours that in the highest circles this passion for colour, or perhaps we should say for something else than prose, in conversation has led to the use of a very astonishing vocabulary; but only a Cambridge examiner is capable of telling a lady to her face that she is flippant and talks slang. The passage, however, in these reports which will probably be most bitterly resented is that in which proficiency in arithmetic is ascribed to women. It will be understood at once that this is only another way of saying that, if women are fit for nothing else, at least they can keep a correct account of housekeeping expenses. It revives at least one part of the old imputation that their natural mission is "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer," although it is well known that no greater insult can nowadays be paid to a young lady than to suggest that she possesses, even in the most trifling degree and shadowy form, any of the qualities of a competent housewife.

Altogether this seems to us a very scandalous production. It has been printed by the *Times* as a genuine document, and names are appended to it which are certainly the names of gentlemen who are known in Cambridge. So we suppose it must be accepted as authentic. It will no doubt be taken up by the sex against which it is directed, and we shall hear what is thought of it. The object of the authors of this academical lampoon appears to have been to throw into an official form a consensus of the traditional foibles of women, under pretence of giving the results of recent examinations. Some of them are, perhaps, married men, and they may have enjoyed a malicious but shabby satisfaction in giving vent to remarks which had occurred to them in the course of domestic conversation, but which they deemed it more prudent to suppress. "My darling, I do not dispute

your facts, but you show great weakness in applying them," or "I do wish you would avoid fluency of expression," or "When you begin to say just a single word on one subject, why on earth do you start off into a thousand words upon another subject which has no possible connection with it?" "You know, dearest, how I hate flippancy and slang," or "It's really hopeless trying to get a clear statement from a lady or expecting her to be logical" — these and other expressions in the Reports have certainly a strong flavour of conjugal controversy, and perhaps the examiners may feel relieved in having at last found an opportunity of speaking their minds freely. But after all it is surely rather hard on the innocent victims, and it is a pity they cannot have their revenge. In the old fable the lion observed that, if the picture of one of his species lying in the toils of the hunter had been painted by a lion, the man would have been on the ground and the lion on the top of him. Now that the women have been photographed by the examiners, it would be interesting to have a sketch of the examiners as representing the male sex generally, from the point of view of the ladies who were examined. We should probably find man described as hard, pedantic, and unimaginative; always in a fuss and hurry, and disposed to cry that time is up, although there is plenty of time to spare; and given over to a superstitious worship of mere rules and technical formalities. It would also be pointed out that man, with all his professed anxiety to make the most of time, often wasted it shamefully in asking for reasons when no reasons were necessary, and in carping at particular expressions, although all the while he knew very well what people meant; and that, with all his boasted logic, he has never mastered that elementary and most useful proposition, "It is because it is." It might further be remarked that, according to the ancient saying, Minerva had no sooner started on a journey than she arrived at her destination, and that women had no reason to be ashamed of resembling so respectable a goddess in the rapidity of their mental flight. If women are sometimes too quick, men are dreadfully slow and plodding, and women often attain by intuition to what men, with all their laborious logic, fail to reach. This would certainly be a good subject for the next exercises in English composition which are required to be written by ladies for the Cambridge Syndicate.

THE barbers of Chelsea stand at the present moment in a perilous and unenviable position. For some reason or other the vestry of that parish has decided that, as a preliminary step to the enforcement of a better observance of the Sabbath among the trading classes of Chelsea, it is advisable to sacrifice the barbers. At a meeting of the committee of works of the vestry last week a resolution was moved that proceedings under the Act of Sunday trading be first taken against the barbers. The inspector, it was suggested, should go round the parish to obtain the names of all barbers keeping their shops open on Sundays. Some members of the committee appeared to have a difficulty in understanding why the holy seal of the vestry should be directed solely against hairdressers, and one member suggested that "moral persuasion" should be tried in the first instance, "before putting a comparatively obsolete Act of Parliament into force." In the end, however, after a long discussion, the motion was carried by a small majority, and it is probable that henceforward the removal of beards on Sunday in Chelsea will be strictly forbidden. As many poor men have no time to get shaved on week days they will either have to shave themselves as best they can, or suffer their beards to grow in wild luxuriance. Let us hope that they will share the feelings of the Rev. John More, of Norwich, who in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was said to have the longest and largest beard of any Englishman of his time, and gave as his reason for wearing it "that no act of his life might be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance." *Pall Mall.*

THE *Allgemeine Militarische Zeitung* prints an article on the fortresses of Alsace-Lorraine. Two of these fortresses, Pfalzburg and Schlettstadt, are to be dismantled; the rest are to be strengthened, and a sum of 28,000,000 thalers has been reserved for this purpose out of the French indemnity. The improvements at Strasburg and Metz have been going on since 1871. Thionville is important as being the only place between Metz and Trèves where an army can cross the Moselle, the bridge at Remich being on the neutral territory of Luxemburg. A railway is now being planned for connecting Thionville with Berlin by way of Wetzlar, Coblenz, and Trèves. As the town is surrounded by hills, it would be difficult to secure it against a hostile attack, but every precaution will be taken, by means of bomb-proof barracks, traverses, &c., to protect the garrison. A fort is also to be erected on one of the heights which command the town. At Bitsch the old fortifications are to be destroyed: but the castle has been rebuilt at great cost after the bombardment, and a small garrison, consisting of 100 men in time of peace, is to be kept in it. Though valueless as a fortress, Bitsch occupies an important position as the central point of the roads to

the Palatinate and of the Metz-Strasburg railway. New Breisach, which was built by Vauban at the desire of Louis XIV., as a counterfort to old Breisach, "the cushion and key of the German Empire," is also being rebuilt. It is regarded as an outpost of Strasburg against an attack from the south, and as a protection for the bridge across the Rhine. "A comparison," concludes the writer, "of the old with the new line of fortresses in Alsace-Lorraine shows very accurately the fundamental differences between French and German ideas as to the laying down of lines of fortifications. The first line of fortresses on the French system, consisting of Thionville, Metz, Marsal, Bitsch, Lützelstein, Pfalzburg, Strasburg, Schlettstadt, and New Breisach, has been reduced under the German system to Metz with Thionville, sixteen miles (English) off, and Strasburg with Breisach, thirty-two miles off. The French line represented the old cordon system of the last century—the principle on which the French army was distributed at the beginning of the war in 1870-71. The German line, on the other hand, represents the idea of concentration of forces, with only a slight protection of the flanks. This divergence of views seems to increase as time goes on. While the Germans are abolishing a great many small fortresses which absorb troops that would be much more usefully employed elsewhere, the French talk of establishing at intervals of from 80 to 120 miles (English) entrenched camps with from 100,000 to 200,000 men."

THE Moscow Gazette publishes an abstract of the stipulations of the treaty of peace concluded between Russia and Khiva. All the possessions of the latter country on the right bank of the Oxus and the delta of that river as far as the branch stream Tadyk, are to be incorporated with the Russian Empire. The frontier will extend from the mouth of the Tadyk as far as the Urgu Mountain, and then along the southern slope of the Ust-Urt to Usboi (the old bed of the Oxus). Khiva is to pay to Russia a war contribution of 2,200,000 roubles; but, in view of the poverty of the Khivan treasury, a period of twenty years will be allowed for the payment of the contribution on condition that Khiva shall pay five per cent. of the amount yearly. The Russians are to have the right of trading in Khiva, and the khan is to be treated as the vassal of the czar.

MESQUITE gum is the name under which a substance obtained from the *Prosopis glandulosa* is known in Texas. Attention has lately been directed to this gum from the fact that it seems to be identical with gum Arabic, and consequently admits of application to many medicinal and technical purposes.